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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Allegiance To What?

AT THE Commonwealth Conference in London some new Dominions have appeared at the table: India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Rhodesia. These countries have their own religions and cultures, their own ideas and their own ideals. Unlike Canada and the "older" Dominions—which are really "young," newly-developed and newly-populated,—they are not bound by history or tradition to Britain and Western Europe. Will they stay in the family?

In the past what tie has bound the Commonwealth together? The usual reply, especially since the Act of Westminster, has been that the Commonwealth countries all have a "common allegiance to the British Crown."

This implies a personal loyalty to the King. But since the King is a constitutional monarch and not an autocratic dictator the allegiance goes through and beyond the King himself to what he stands for: the British Constitution and all that is built into and around it. This includes responsible government, parliamentary democracy, equality before the law, personal freedom, the conviction that the state is the servant and not the master of the individual, the rule of law both within and between nations, and the code of personal conduct that was evolved by the Hebrew prophets and reached its climax in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

The King himself is a symbol, but symbols often look different from different directions. From our direction the King seems to stand for all the principles we have just mentioned. But from the point of view of Eire and most of the new Dominions the monarchy has stood in the past for imperialism, oppression and injustice. And so they want to cut their ties with the Crown and become republics.

The question in London has been, must India and Eire and others that want to form republics get out of the Commonwealth? We believe that very few people in Britain, in Canada, or in other Dominions want this to happen. While we ourselves want to keep the monarchy we would be quite happy to have republics in the Commonwealth and to leave it to the lawyers to find a form of words that will let them stay in.

Our basic allegiance is to all that the King seems to us to stand for. As long as other Dominions are willing to stand for the same sort of things we should be happy enough, in this divided world, to have them stand beside us.

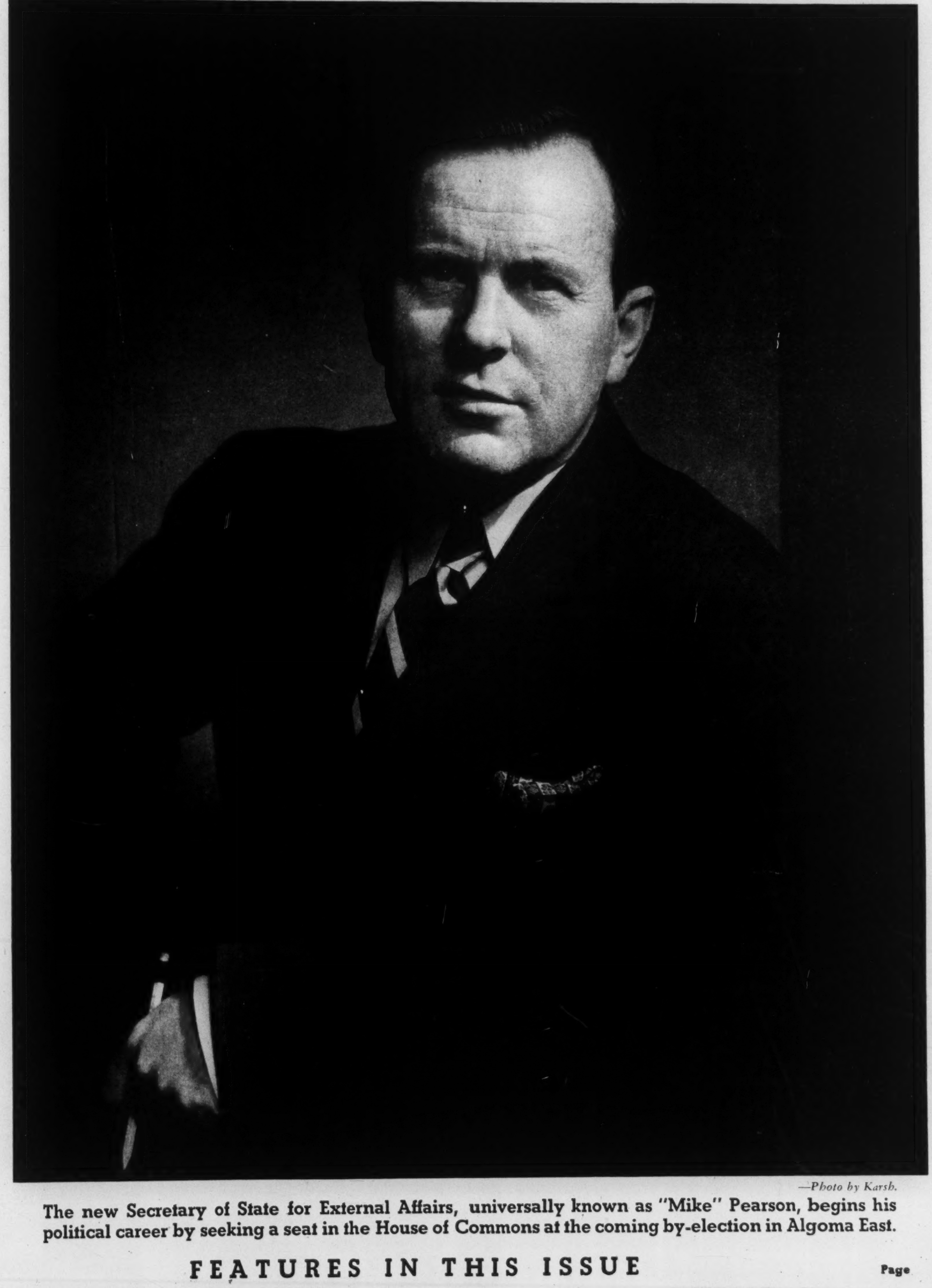
Commonwealth Problems

THE real problems of the Commonwealth run deeper than this; it is not merely a question of finding a new legal formula that the new Dominions as well as the old can agree upon.

One question raised last week by the *Economist*, is whether there are any foundations left if loyalty to the Crown ceases to be the cornerstone of the Commonwealth. While we agree that little or no good can come of discussions between people who are poles apart, as talks with the Russians in the past two years seem to show, nevertheless there is a good deal of common ground between ourselves and most of the other Dominions, new and old—certainly enough common ground to allow useful, practical discussions of such problems as the world-wide shortage of dollars and the world-wide menace of Communism.

Of course there are many other countries, outside the Commonwealth, that share these problems, and discussions within the Commonwealth must therefore be limited in their scope. But, even though the Commonwealth be built on the accidents of history rather than the economics or the politics of the present, there is much to be said for its discussions. There is so little peaceful, friendly talk in the world today that we cannot afford, when a group gets together in goodwill, to be too particular about

(Continued on Page Five)



—Photo by Karsh.

The new Secretary of State for External Affairs, universally known as "Mike" Pearson, begins his political career by seeking a seat in the House of Commons at the coming by-election in Algoma East.

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Freight "Hopscotch" To Northern Mines Rushes To Beat Freeze-Up

By Raymond R. MacGregor

GOLD is where you find it, and if it happens to be closer to Hudson Bay than North Bay, that's the luck of the game.

That means it's farther to bring the gold out. It also means it's farther to bring in the thousands of things needed to operate a hard rock gold mine—everything from mill machinery to milk, from beds to beer, from dynamite to dandruff remedy. In fact, if the mine is isolated a complete town must be built around it. And that town must be supplied with all the goods and services any town must have.

For Pickle Crow and Central Patricia, two gold mines that have produced more than $43 millions of new wealth for Canada since 1934, this task is complicated by complete absence of rail or road connections. Yet at these mines, 250 miles north of Fort William, two communities of 1,200 people live in a way that differs little from average town life in southern Canada.

EVERYTHING in these towns — except some lumber which is turned out in the companies' sawmills — came 100 miles by air, or 225 miles by water, from the nearest railhead. To set up mines and mills, and towns that boast electricity, running water, central heating, retail stores, hotels, recreation halls, tennis courts, machine shops, sawmills and schools, under these conditions, is something Canadians can point to with pride.

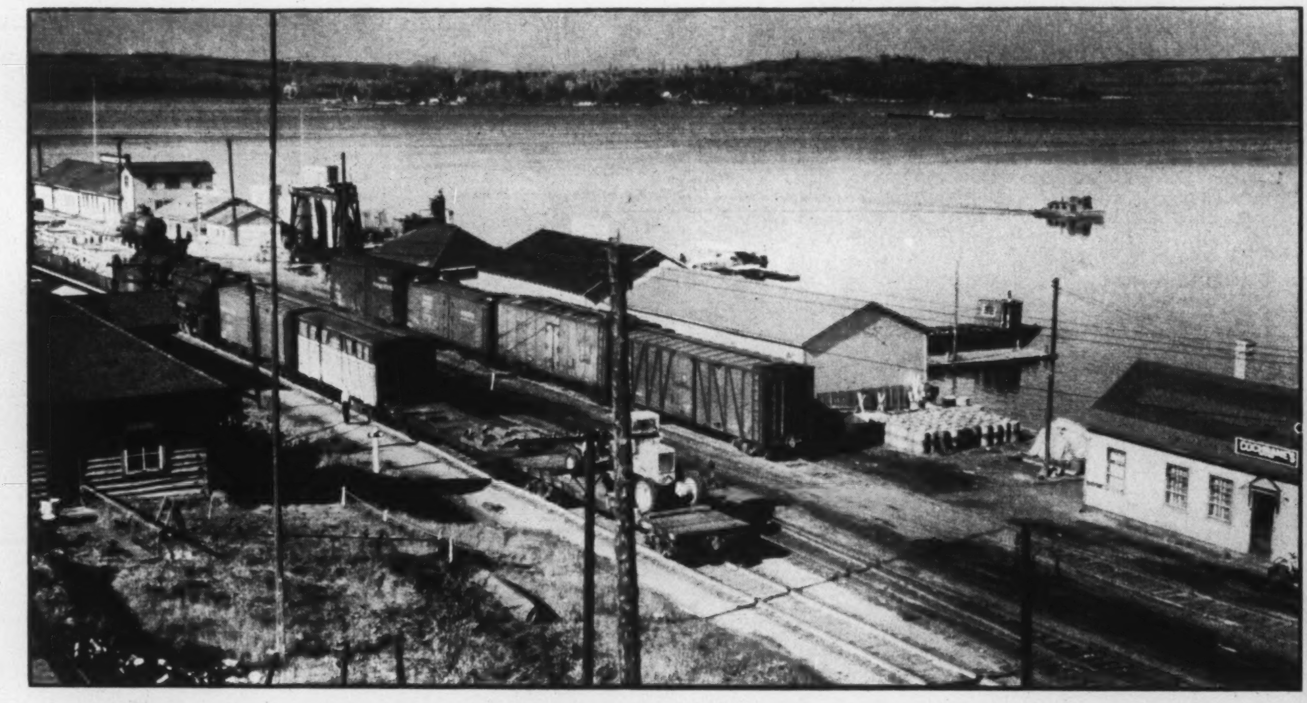
Men, mail and high-priority freight are flown in from Sioux Lookout on the northern C.N.R. line. That volume was so heavy when the mines first opened that Sioux Lookout was the busiest airport in North America.

Heavy freight goes in by a complicated system of waterways, marine railroads, rail portages and bush road from Hudson, Ontario, 225 miles away. This jump-off point, a small village on the C.N.R. line, gives little evidence that through it pass thousands of tons of freight to supply an area the size of New Brunswick.

A CASE of oranges, part of the more than $300,000 worth of food purchased each year by the communities, for instance, leaves Hudson on one of six or seven wooden scows towed by the diesel tug "Hecla." Each scow carries about 13 tons. The veteran skipper, Laurie Vincent, part Indian, guides his "swing" of scows through the twisting channels of Lost Lake, Lac Seul, Hay Lake and Root River to Nattaway Portage.

Here the Root gets too narrow for the "Hecla." Simon Alix, cat-eyed young captain of the "Root River Queen," a craft known in the north as an alligator, takes over the scows. During the early night Alix snakes the "swing" through an ever-smaller channel, at times brushing both banks.

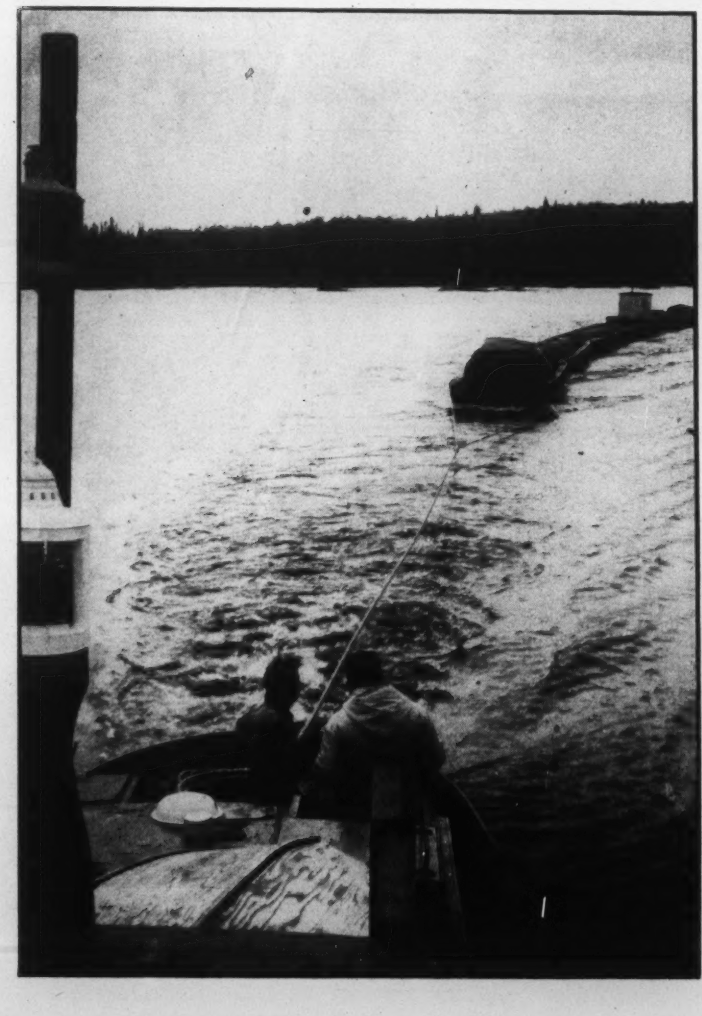
Rapids make three portages necessary—at Nattaway, Lynx and Flower. Here small, cable-equipped rail cars are manoeuvered under each scow in turn while it is



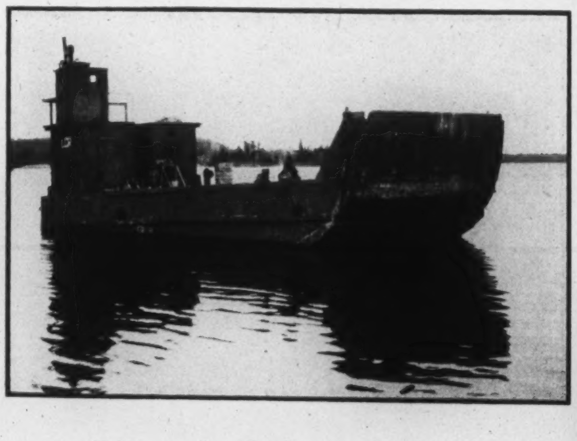
1 To supply Canada's isolated northern mining towns, everything must be flown in, or brought by water from nearest railhead. Through Hudson, Ont., passes all water freight to Pickle Lake and Red Lake areas.

Rinso
SHREDDED WHEAT

2 Loading onions from Manitoba for the 225-mile water haul to Central Patricia and Pickle Crow.



3 Rounding a bend in Lac Seul. Part of load is 70,000 lbs. of explosives for use in the mines.



4 War surplus landing craft, ideal for use in northern lakes, docking to pick up cargo.

5 At Nattaway Rapids, tug drops scows. Rail car is worked under each scow . . .

6 . . . and whipped over marine hoist by cable. Above scow starts across 300-yard portage at Nattaway.

still in the water. Steam-operated winches whip the scows across the portages in a matter of seconds.

After Flower Portage has been crossed at about 10 p.m., the "swing" ties up for the night. At 5 a.m. the men start out again, up the Root River until it becomes a weed-choked stream at Root River Portage.

HERE the work really gets tough. Gangs, mostly Indians, slug the freight onto a railway flatcar. Louis "Casey" Lacoste, chief and only engineer on the 3½-mile railroad, hauls the car to Lake St. Joseph. It takes a full day to unload the "Root River Queen's" six scows, haul the freight across the portage, and reload it into three 35-ton capacity scows on the other side. It makes another late evening for the crews but at 5 a.m. the Lac Joe, captained by Dave Angeconepe, a full-blooded Ojibway, starts up the 70-mile open-water haul to Doghole Bay.

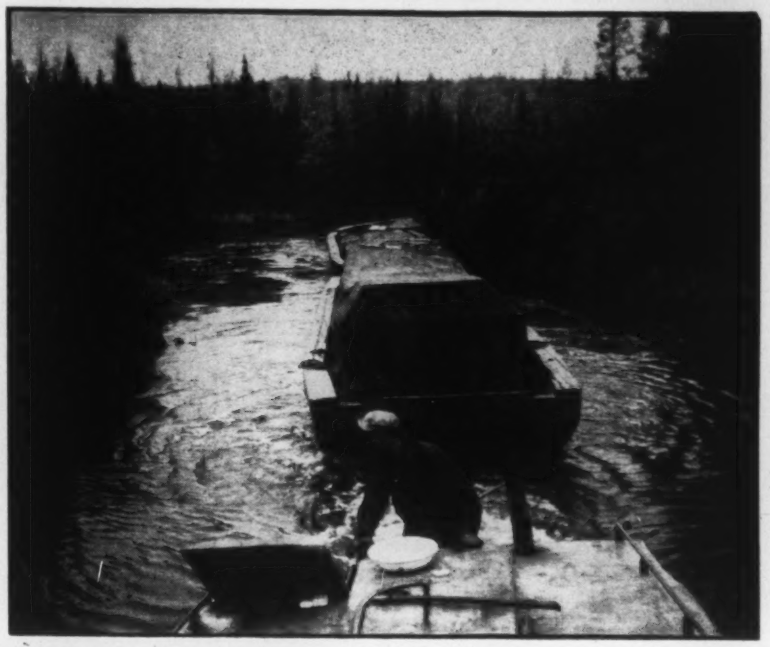
The Lac Joe arrives at Doghole around 5 p.m. Again bull crews buck the freight, this time onto heavy trucks, themselves brought up the water route, for the 25-mile haul to the mines. The oranges will be served to miners at breakfast 60 to 72 hours after they left Hudson.

That is a typical trip. Not typical, but possibly included, can be floods, ice, forest fires, storms or breakdowns. These may lengthen the trip several days.

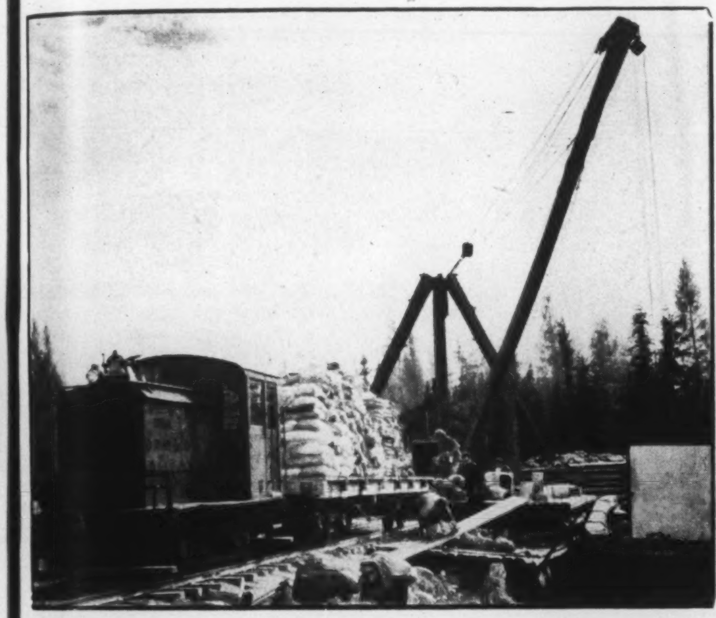
Freight streams into the mines from early in May, after break-up until early November, before freeze-up. In the late fall the big push begins. The Hudson yards are clogged with freight. The boat and bull crews work late and rise early. Machinery is pushed to the limit of endurance.

This game of hopscotch, played over one of the world's toughest courses, is conducted by the Patricia Transportation Company, experienced bush operators who also run lines into the Red Lake area and to several Hudson's Bay Company posts. In winter the company operates tractor trains into many of the same areas. All roads, portages, hoists and railways on the route are maintained and operated jointly by the two mines through the Lake St. Joseph Company.

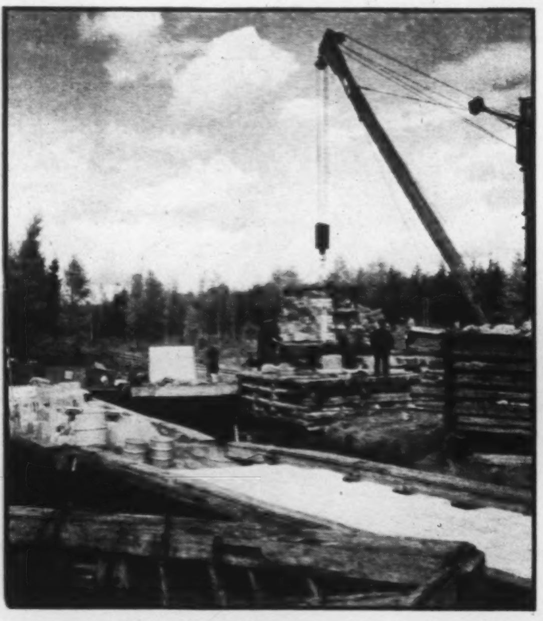
THIS sort of freight service naturally costs quite a bit. Central Pat, for instance, paid out about $80,000 for water and air freight charges, or about five times what it cost to get the supplies to Sioux Lookout and Hudson from all over Canada. With operating costs rising daily, the mines are working close to the margin. Central Pat showed a net loss of $118,878 for 1947. Transportation costs loom large for Pat and the Crow, and they are hoping that some solution can be found for their problems. They point out that they have already paid over $4,000,000 in taxes to provincial and federal governments. And they look enviously at the road into nearby Red Lake mining area, opened last year.



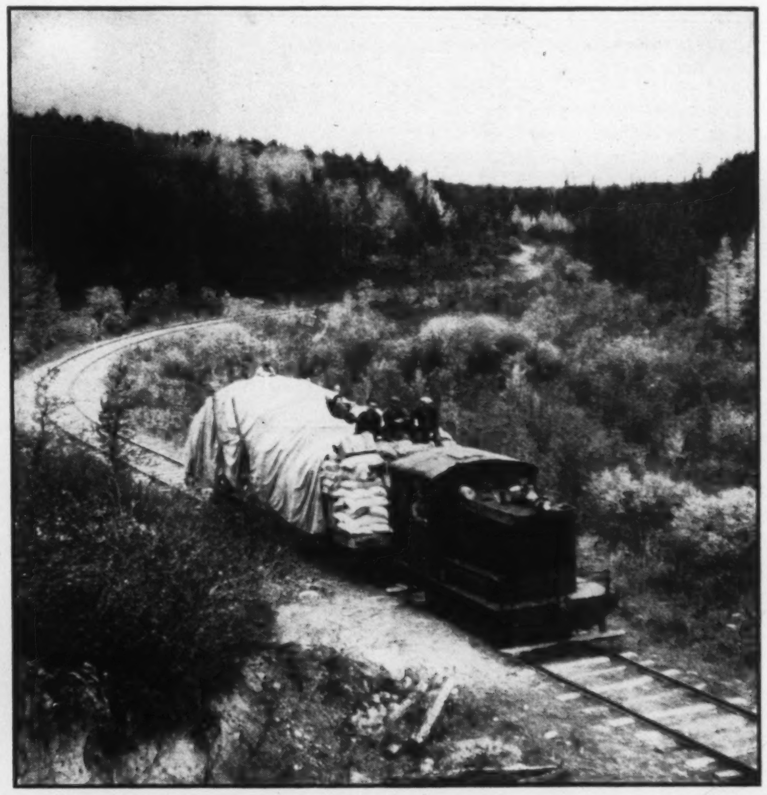
7 Now in charge of an "alligator", scows are drawn through Lynx and Flower Portages, and up narrowing Root River.



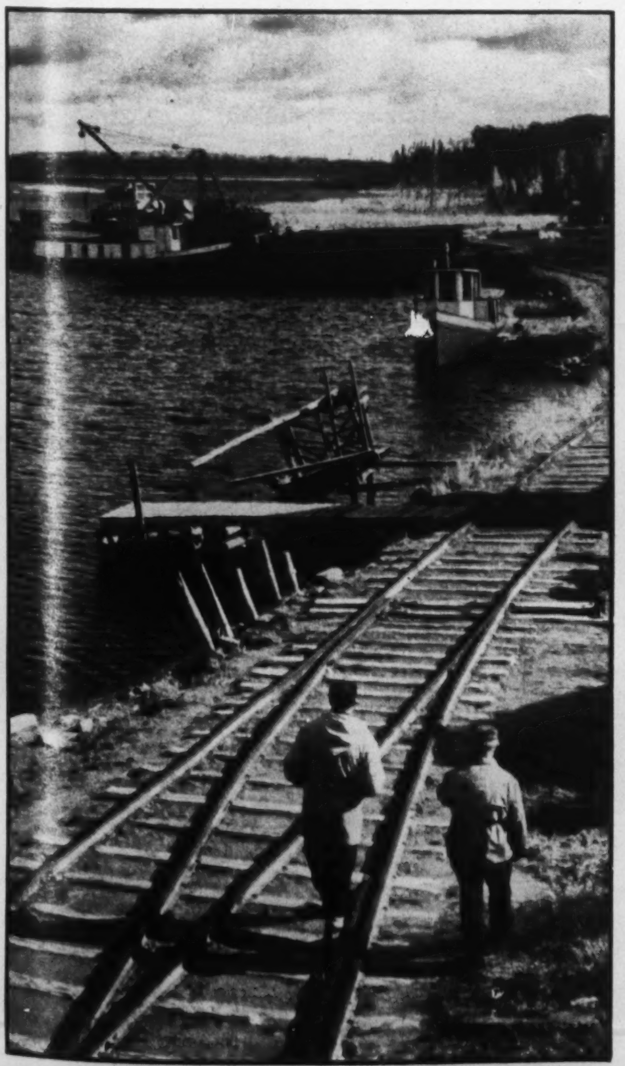
8 Root River becomes weed-choked at Root River Portage where scows are unloaded by steam derrick.



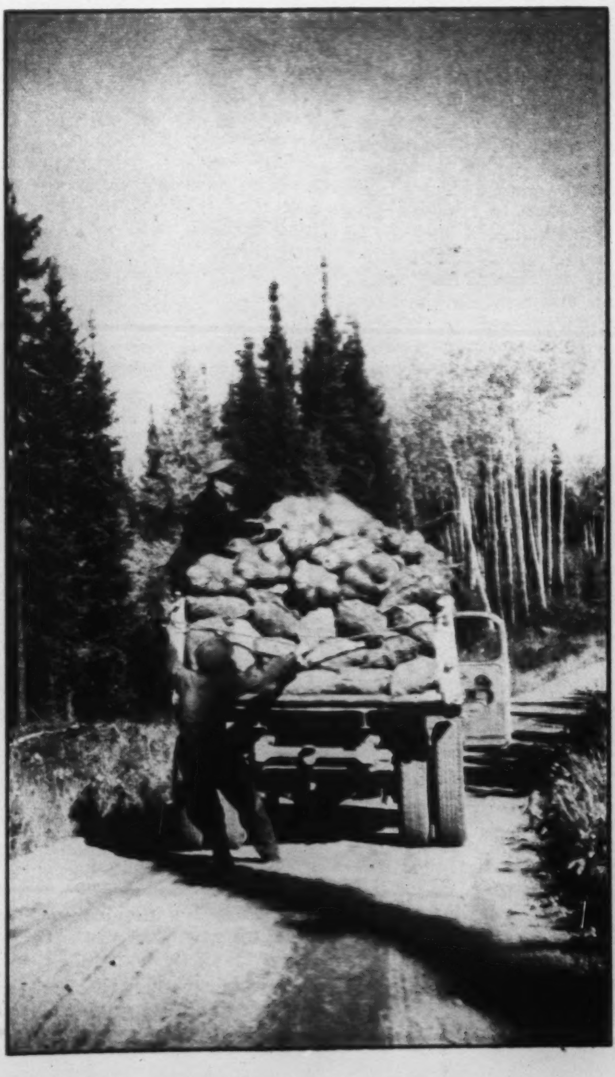
9 Small locomotive and 3 flatcars are stock of 3½-mile railway to Lake St. Joseph.



10 Three flatcar loads are needed to empty six scows. On last trip over tortuous roadbed, gang takes it easy.



11 Large diesel tug now takes over for 70-mile open-water haul up Lake St. Joseph . . .



12 . . . to Doghole Bay. Next, bull gangs buck freight on trucks for final 25-mile ride.

—Photos by Nott and Merrill

13 Between 60 and 72 hours after leaving Hudson, the Manitoba onions are unloaded at Central Pat root house.

Ottawa View

Union Growing Pains

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

THE terms of union under which Newfoundland will become a province of Canada are being worked out here behind closed doors. There is no official information on their progress but it is known here that the delegates are discovering a good many intricate and thorny problems and that the negotiations are bound to continue for a long time yet. Presumably the fullest details of their daily work are being preserved. Students of Canadian Confederation are handicapped by the extreme sketchiness of the records retained from the Charlottetown and Quebec Conferences of 1864, which were also held *in camera.*

But quite apart from the desirability of providing the future historians of Canada with ample records concerning this latest adhesion to the Canadian union, the whole business of bringing into a federal union a state which has hitherto grown up under other traditions and influences is a very illuminating one. These are days when federal unions of large stretches of the earth's surface are being proposed as one solution toward collective security.

Federal unions, if they are to succeed, demand the highest level of political intelligence and tolerance in the fundamental planning. The problems arising out of the union of Newfoundland with Canada are characteristic. A major laboratory experiment in the widening of an existing federal union is under way here at Ottawa before our eyes. Even in the absence of a continuous supply of interim reports on progress it seems worth while to reconstruct from whatever material is available some idea of the course of events.

The stage now reached may, perhaps, be usefully recapitulated. In March, 1947, the National Convention of Newfoundland appointed a delegation to come to Ottawa to see "what fair and equitable basis for union might exist." The delegation duly arrived at Ottawa late in June, 1947, and returned to St. John's early in October. On October 29th, 1947, Prime Minister Mackenzie King forwarded to the Governor of Newfoundland, Sir Gordon MacDonald, a copy of the arrangements for the entry of Newfoundland into the Canadian union, which the government of Canada was then prepared to recommend to Parliament. These terms were published.

Dickering In Private

There followed, in Newfoundland, two ballots, the first indecisive, the second giving a majority of over 6,000 votes for union with Canada over the alternative of a return to responsible government. A week after the second polling, Prime Minister Mackenzie King said that Canada would "be glad to receive with the least possible delay authorized representatives of Newfoundland to negotiate the terms of union." The seven delegates: Chairman, Hon. Albert Walsh, K.C. and Messrs. Bradley, Smallwood, McEvoy, Gruchy, Crossbie and Winter, arrived in Ottawa by air on October 6th and after a brief public session plunged at once into confidential negotiations on the many details of union, which continue.

Though nothing official has emanated from these sittings, the course on which the delegates are embarked can be charted with some confidence. The Canadian terms of October, 1947, form the basis for negotiation: and it should be recalled that on the fundamental point of financial terms Mr. Mackenzie King then said:

"I feel I must emphasize that as far as the financial aspects of the proposed arrangements for union are concerned, the Government of Canada believes that the arrangements go as far as the Government can go under the circumstances. The Government could not readily contemplate any change in these arrangements which would impose larger financial burdens on Canada."

This declaration which has not been watered down by any later concessions, may be taken as representing one bank of the channel of negotiations. The other bank, providing some leeway or freedom in respect to details, may be guessed at from two official statements of the Canadian government, one made a year ago, and the other in July of this year. The first said:

"In respect to those matters which are primarily of provincial concern, such as education, the Government of Canada would not wish to set down any rigid conditions, and it would be prepared to give reasonable consideration to suggestions for modification or addition."

The second, made by Prime Minister Mackenzie King, declared, respecting the current meetings:

"In these negotiations any special problems which may arise in connection with the entry of Newfoundland into Confederation will, I am sure, receive most careful consideration."

But the current ramifications of government activity into almost every aspect of Canadian life, added to the fact that Newfoundland has been building up its own unique and separate institutions, going one way, while Canada has gone another, makes the problem of union today far more complicated. Whether even the politically sophisticated inhabitants of Newfoundland yet realize the whole extent of the revolution in their social, industrial and commercial life which is an inescapable part of union with Canada may be doubted.

A major adjustment will be faced in the organization of provincial and municipal government, and in the installation of direct tax machinery to levy rates for education and other fields of local concern. To Canadians, so long accustomed to local government, and the levy of taxes on real property for a multitude of local purposes, it comes as a surprise to learn that apart from about three or four urban areas—St. John's, Corner Brook and Grand Falls are the only large ones—Newfoundland virtually lacks local government. Indeed, until recently there was active opposition over a large part of the island to any such institutions. Moreover, since the economy was still largely a barter rather than a currency economy, it would in any event have been impossible to collect sufficient cash in local rates to support any important municipal institutions.

Where there are widespread and healthy municipal institutions, many of the responsibilities of provincial government can be unloaded upon them, really to the benefit of the community which can direct its own municipal affairs more intelligently and thriftily than they can be operated from a distant provincial centre. Now that Newfoundland is emerging into a more active industrial life, it will probably be possible to hasten the growth of municipal institutions. But the transition is bound to be difficult.

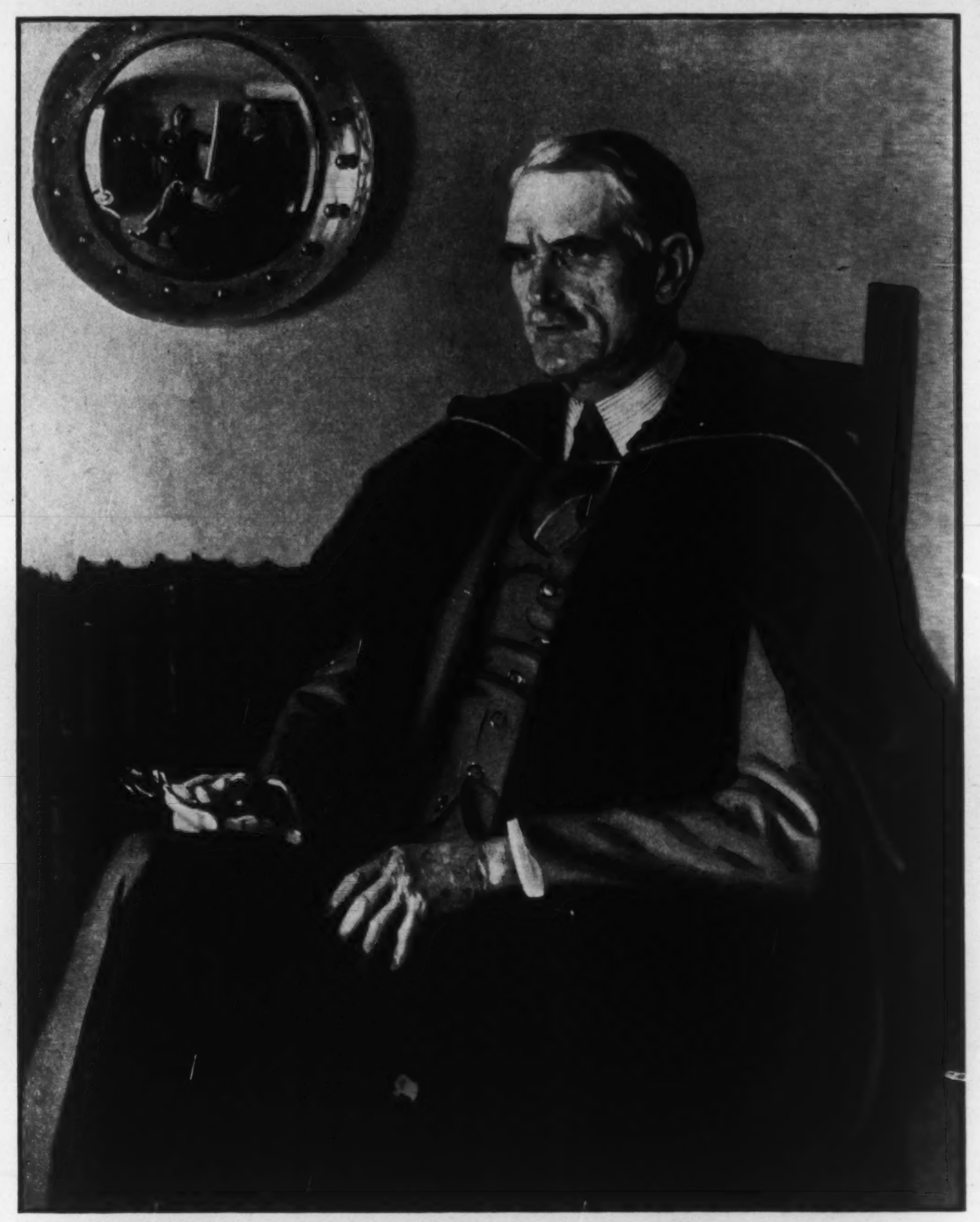
When Newfoundland enters the Canadian union, it will surrender customs and excise collections to Ottawa, thus yielding at one stroke over 55 per cent of its present revenue sources. If it signs a tax agreement with Ottawa for personal and corporation income taxes and succession duties, it will be handing over—for, of course, an adequate compensation—the great bulk of the remaining tax resources. Actually, Newfoundland will be left with provincial revenue resources only about 10 per cent of what she formerly had, and consequently cannot expect to draw, with the old tax machinery, more than $3 million or $4 million annually for provincial revenues. It will be a matter for very serious concern, right from the beginning, how much elbowroom such a revenue structure, added to the total subsidy and rental grant from Ottawa, will provide for provincial development.

The Tax Problem

The short-term view suggests a tight squeeze. The long-term view is much better, unless Newfoundland runs into another prolonged economic depression due to disrupted world trade. For union with Canada undoubtedly promises a lower cost of living, more widespread social benefits, and the more active development of Newfoundland's natural resources. All of these things will tend to increase the national income of Newfoundlanders, and the provincial government's capacity to tap that increasing wealth for provincial purposes will grow accordingly. Just the same, the process of tapping these new tax sources will be unpleasant and unpopular.

If one stops to list all the Dominion Government services applying within the Canadian boundary today, and then considers that every one of those must be applied in fairly rapid manner to the territory of Newfoundland: that while many Newfoundland institutions will be replaced by similar or better Canadian services, this must be done tactfully and intelligently; that there will be natural resentment at many of the changes; that the personnel engaged in the parallel services in Newfoundland must be absorbed without prejudice into the new arrangements, one can see the nature of the difficulties now being tackled.

The sharp reduction of the tariff will expose Newfoundland manufacturers and wholesalers to U.S. competition, and still more to Canadian competition: are they to be compensated? How can the unique Newfoundland fish-export scheme be fitted into our Canadian pattern without damage to our own fisheries industry? These are samples of the special problems.



The portrait by Allan Barr of the late Dr. Pelham Edgar is one of the finest memorials to a great teacher, scholar and distinguished Canadian man of letters.

Passing Show

MR. DREW complains that the C.B.C. only allowed him to broadcast for a quarter of an hour. No doubt when he is prime minister Mr. Coldwell and Mr. St. Laurent will be able to talk as long as they please.

•

London, Ont., has just passed a law forbidding a person to keep more than two of any one kind of pet: two dogs and two cats are all right, but not one dog and three cats. This will break up a lot of families.

•

Toronto papers are deploring the secondary school pupils who booed performances of Hamlet and Macbeth put on for their benefit. The time is out of joint; nothing but toil and trouble!

•

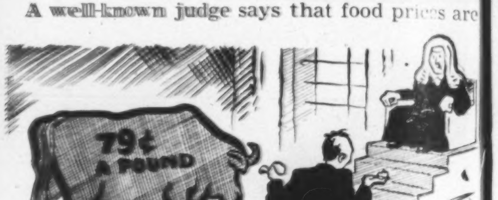
The *Canadian Tribune* is reported to be in the red. It was never anything else.

•

It is said that Premier Garson will move to Ottawa as soon as the railway rate issue is settled. No wonder he wants to keep the rates down.

•

A well-known judge says that food prices are far too high. Perhaps he would like these things to be settled in court?



•

Text for a Yugoslav

I could not fear thee, Joe, so much,
Feared I not Tito more!

•

A British salesman has left for Africa to sell diapers to native mothers. This is great news for the new Canadian Bendix plant which has world export rights for automatic washing machines.

•

"Why can't girls look as nice in clothes as in bathing suits?" asks a writer to the Vancouver *Province*. Some do; it all depends on the clothes, the bathing suit, and the girl.

•

A Washington correspondent says that the man who occupies the White House always gets it rent-free. But he has to pay out plenty to get the key.

•

Lucy says that Mr. Truman is acting and talking so much like an ordinary citizen these days that she thinks he is preparing to become one.

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

how they got there in the first place or whether some others really ought to be there too.

On the other hand we must recognize the strains that exist within and around the Commonwealth. It is difficult, for instance, for India and Pakistan to feel a sense of brotherhood for South Africa which segregates and in a measure persecutes its Indian minority, or for Australia with its White Australia policy, or for ourselves who are little if any better on the subject of Asiatic immigration. Yet the rest of us are all hoping that India and Pakistan will play an important part in checking, partly on our behalf, the spread of Communism in the East.

There are economic differences too. How far, for instance, should Commonwealth tariff arrangements be allowed to stand in the way of the economic union of Western Europe? Here is a point where we Canadians surely should not allow our enthusiasm for the Commonwealth to run away with us. We are tied to Britain and Western Europe by economics and politics, by sentiment, culture and tradition. There is nothing so important to us as to see those countries strong and united.

"Effective Government"

OUR DESK, like most people's these days, is always getting cluttered up with papers of one sort and another, and we have developed a certain ruthlessness towards mimeographed or multigraphed releases. But our attention was caught and held by a new one called "Effective Government" put out by the Citizens Research Institute of Canada and signed by Mr. R. C. Berkinshaw (president) and Mr. Eric Hardy (director).

This particular issue was concerned with the new province of Newfoundland. It contained some useful and practical suggestions as to how the difficulties of merging our two countries could be minimized. It recommended, amongst other things, that soon after union a Canadian group, consisting of businessmen and government officials, should visit the island to explore with the Newfoundlanders "avenues leading to increased diversity and better long-term prospects for Newfoundland trade and industry." Another suggestion was that "Canadian provinces, as well as the Dominion, should concern themselves with the welfare of governmental institutions in Newfoundland. A province, for example, with a well developed Department of Municipal Affairs can offer material assistance towards the growth of sound local government on the Island."

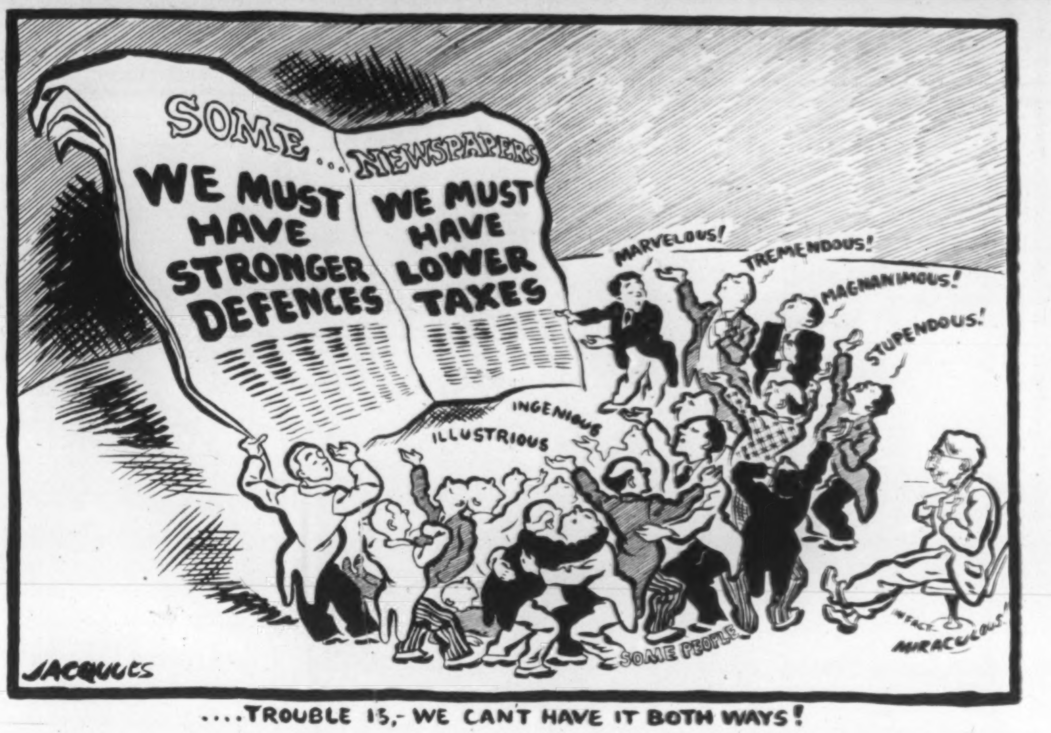
We would add, and no doubt the Citizens Research Institute would agree, that we Canadians may, in some fields, have something to learn from the Newfoundlanders. But, in any case, we shall look forward to seeing further issues of "Effective Government."

On Towers, Mr. and Ivory

ALL of us, with the possible exception of a few Social Crediters who have their own special views about money and credit, will have been pleased by last week's news from Ottawa that Mr. Graham Towers is going to be Governor of the Bank of Canada for a third term of seven years. Appointed under a Conservative administration in 1934, he has been trusted and respected by successive Ministers of Finance and is now known, not only throughout Canada but in many other countries, as a very exceptional public servant.

It is inevitable, in these days when governments have to decide on complex issues, that the names of certain public servants should become associated with certain policies. For instance the names of Mr. Towers and of others in the Bank of Canada and the Department of Finance have been linked with the government's policy of keeping the Canadian dollar at parity with the U.S. dollar.

The parity policy, which was welcomed by spokesmen of all parties when it was adopted in 1946, has since become a political issue. This in itself would not be serious were it not that some of the rank and file of the Conservative party now say they are "out to get the boys in the ivory tower" who were "responsible for" the policy. They aim their shafts, not so much at the very top people like Mr. Towers, but at others at a slightly lower level.



....TROUBLE IS,- WE CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS!

This is a dangerous development. The job of His Majesty's Opposition is to oppose the government of the day, not to oppose the permanent civil service; its task is to turn members of the government out of office, not members of the civil service. Once it gets its hooks into the civil service we are back in the days of the spoils system. There are no longer any independent experts in the civil service trying to give impartial advice; only yes-men for the party in power.

It is ludicrous that the question of the political biases of civil servants should come up over the parity policy. If ever there was a policy that was dominated by technical considerations, and by the weight to be given to different pieces of technical advice, this is it. If ever there was a matter that had no connection with any basic beliefs of the Liberals and Conservatives, this is it. If the Conservatives had happened to be in power in 1946 they instead of the Liberals would have moved our dollar to parity (at the time they only criticized the government for not moving it sooner) and we have little doubt that they would have stuck to their decision up to the present. The Liberals, if they had been in opposition, would have approved at the time, but by now they would be urging (in traditional liberal fashion) that we should be rid of government interferences and should put our dollar at a more "natural" level.

Local Option on Sunday

WE WERE rather shaken by an editorial in that usually safe and sane organ, the Ottawa *Journal*, on the subject of law enforcement. The *Journal* wants to keep the present Lord's Day Act (a federal law) unchanged, not because it is a good law that can be supported by the majority of Canadians, but because some provinces do enforce it and some do not. In this way, according to the *Journal*, every province gets the sort of Sunday that it wants.

Of all the defences of a piece of Dominion legislation that we have ever run across, this is about the queerest. One might as well argue that prohibition is a good thing as long as the law is not enforced in places where it is not very popular. What the *Journal* seems to favor is a sort of Local Option regarding Sundays. There is a good deal to be said for this, but the present law certainly does not provide for it.

If there is a law on the statute books which, quite openly and explicitly, is enforced at some times and places and not at others the individual citizen does not know, cannot know, how he stands in regard to it. This part of the statute law ceases to be statute law at all and degenerates into a mere matter of administrative whim. Whether you are guilty of breaking the law depends, not on how the law reads and how it is applied under the rules of the courts, but on how an attorney general or one of his officials feels after breakfast.

Take the current case of the amusement parks in Ontario at such summer resorts as Port Stanley, Crystal Beach, Port Dover, Wasaga Beach, and Grand Bend. They have run wide open on Sundays for some years past and for most of this year. Then, in August, Attorney General Blackwell puts out a warning. Is this to be taken seriously, the operators wonder, or is Mr. Blackwell just trying to placate the Lord's Day Alliance? They take a chance, and go on with their business. But they turn out to be wrong; Mr. Blackwell now says he is in fact prosecuting forty-five cases. But even this does not really settle the matter. Will he appeal these cases if they go against him? Will he start prosecuting again next year, and if so will he start right away in June or will he wait, as he did this year, until the end of a very profitable season? All these things remain uncertain.

Cub

NOT long ago a friend of ours moved into a new house right on the edge of town. Earlier this week, when her four-year-old son came in from playing near some woods, he announced that he had been playing with a cub. "What sort of a cub?" asked our friend, with a vague idea that bears or even wolves might be lurking in the vicinity. The little fellow explained: "I mean one of those big boys that were selling apples last Saturday."

The Labor Conventions

LAST week's labor conventions, the Trades and Labor Congress in Victoria and the Canadian Congress of Labor in Toronto, spent a good deal of their time hitting Communists on the head. Since you can't hit a Red without giving off sparks there were lots of fireworks and these, of course, got headlines in the press.

This sort of publicity has two results, one good and one bad. On the one hand everyone who can read should now know that all the leaders of the two big federations are strongly opposed to Communism. On the other hand the papers may have left the impression that there are a very large number of Communists in the ranks of labor in this country.

We could not be in two places at once and so we could not attend both conventions, but a visit to the C.C.L. made it clear that, there at least, the Commies were a very small minority. At the T.L.C. the voting was much closer, the convention only carried a motion "deploring" Communist activities by 308 to 264. But most of the opposition came from those who disliked any interference by the central organization in the affairs and opinions of the locals and not from those who favored Communism.

Both conventions upheld by large majorities the recent actions of their leaders on issues involving Communists. The C.C.L. approved the temporary suspension of a Communist-led union that had been stirring up discontent and ill-will within the federation. The T.L.C. backed President Bengough with surprising unanimity not only in giving the Canadian Seamen's Union all the support to which it was constitutionally entitled but also (and less surprising) in condemning the rather devious methods of Mr. Hall.

When one looks beyond all the talk against the Communists, and wonders what action will follow, it is difficult to feel completely reassured, particularly in regard to the T.L.C. No doubt the anti-Communist delegates will go back to their local unions with a feeling of encouragement, and (if they are in the C.C.L.) with the knowledge that, within the limits set by well established trade union practices, they can expect some help from the central body against Communist infiltration. But the question naturally comes up whether even these limits are not rather narrow, whether the locals, by insisting on so much independence within the federations, are not inviting the Communists to take over some of the weaker or more wavering members.

One of the tests whether action is really going to follow the talk will emerge in the coming battles amongst the electrical workers. The Communists who run the Electrical Workers' Union will try to stop their members from moving over, local by local, into the Steelworkers' Union—a movement that may result from Mr. Millard's repeated "statement" (an "invitation" would constitute sheep-stealing) that his Steelworkers will welcome any metal-working group that votes to join them. The Communists will, no doubt, use all sorts of tactics and call all sorts of names. They have already called Mr. Millard's Steelworkers a "company union!"

B.C. Law Society

THE refusal of the B.C. Law Society to admit a candidate to the bar of that province because of his previous Communistic associations and activities raises the question that is so frequent and yet so difficult these days: Where should we draw the line between actions that are needed to keep down Communism and actions that imperil the right of the individual to hold and to express his own opinions?

There are some professions where the entry of Communists may become dangerous to society. For instance, it would be unwise in the extreme to allow Communists free access to the federal civil service. On the other hand there are other professions where Communists, as such, cannot do any harm. If our dentist was a Communist this would not trouble us—as long as he did not prop our mouth open and then pour Communism into our ear.

We should not like to insult either the dentists or the lawyers by insisting that their professions were similar, but we feel that, from the point of view of letting Communists in or keeping them out, the law is more like dentistry than like the civil service. The fact that a lawyer is a Communist does not mean that he is unable to serve his clients properly.

If a Communist commits a crime (and it is *not* a crime to *be* a Communist), or if he is charged with committing a crime of which he is perfectly innocent, he may well wish to seek advice from and to be represented by a person of the same political persuasion as himself, and the Bar Association has no right to stop him. It is basic to our system of justice that men and women should be free to choose the sort of legal advisors that they want—just as the Nazi war criminals were free to choose. It is the duty of the Bar Association to protect the public from being imposed upon by legal quacks and charlatans—hence the rules of admittance to the bar and the standards of conduct for a member once admitted. It is definitely not their duty to pronounce upon the political opinions—or the religious or moral opinions—of those who are members or those who are seeking membership.

How to Break the Law

UNDER the heading "Getting Around Exchange Rules" the Windsor *Star* publishes an editorial which explains in detail how a Canadian, by getting into cahoots with someone south of the border who is coming up here for a visit, can circumvent our restrictions on the use of U.S. dollars for pleasure travel. "The procedure is not proper," says the *Star* at the end of its explanation, "but people have ways of figuring out these schemes."

Of course, a handy way to figure out such a scheme is to read it in the *Star*.

I WONDER AS THEY WANDER

WHEN I hear lectures on psychology
My fairly well-adjusted sconce begins
To wonder if it's worth a row of pins
Attending lectures, even when they're free,
Given by mental experts, usually
With weary eyes and non-existent chins,
Who simply never count among their sins
Naturalness, or hampering modesty.

Oft have I listened in the lecture-hall
To million-dollar words as they proceed
From the glib throats of pompous little elves
Persuaded in my heart that nearly all
Are slightly queer, and look as if they need
A bit of psychiatric help themselves.

J. E. P.

The Drew-Ontario "Bay Street Deal": Was It Factual Or Imaginary?

By D. P. O'HEARN

Last week at a caucus of Progressive Conservative M.P.P.'s the Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture and veteran member of the Ontario legislature, was selected to succeed Mr. George Drew as Premier of the province. Although the caucus proceedings were reportedly unanimous, rumors of an attempt to direct the appointment of Mr. Drew's successor have drawn very wide comment and invariably the question of whether or not the reports are true.

Mr. O'Hearn, who has been known to SATURDAY NIGHT readers for several years for his reports and comment on Ontario politics, outlines the situation which led up to the controversy.

—Photo by Ballard of Eaton's

Mr. Tom Kennedy, Mr. Drew's successor, was first mentioned for the post at P.C.'s Ottawa convention.

SINCE the national Progressive Conservative convention there has been an apparent furore within the Ontario branch of the party.

Attorney-General Leslie Blackwell touched it off, when on the Tuesday following the wind-up of the convention he issued a statement which plainly hinted at dissension between the Ontario cabinet and Premier Drew. In it Mr. Blackwell indicated that there was a behind-the-scenes move to "rig" one of his colleagues into Mr. Drew's shoes and he called publicly for an early convention.

Mr. Blackwell didn't say so, or even suggest it, but it was taken for granted in political circles that he was protesting an attempt to prevent pressure group control of the provincial party. And in the wide press discussion that followed his statement some of the more reputable papers in the province freely accepted that he was fighting a group of Mr. Drew's backers who are commonly known as "The Bay Street Boys."

In the interval, government action has somewhat smoothed the waters. A caucus has been held. Agriculture Minister T. L. Kennedy has been named head of a caretaker government, and plans are being made for an early convention.

But the controversy over just exactly what has been going on behind the scenes still continues. Political bystanders in the province candidly don't know what did happen. They don't know whether there was a division within the party, whether there was a personal feud between his prospective successors and Premier Drew, or whether the apparent rumpus was only a little fire surrounded by the usual great smoke of political rumors.

In Ontario the matter, of course, is regarded as one of much significance. If the apparent evidences of dissension were true, it probably indicates that there may be a struggle for control of the provincial party and an end to that solidity which has been one of its main strengths in recent years. But from a national viewpoint, as it concerns Mr. Drew, it can be of even more importance. For, again if true, it would indicate first that Mr. Drew intends to maintain a personal control, and secondly that he intends to recognize pressure from the "Bay Street" group. And both, of course, would have an important bearing on the probable course (and prospects) of the national party under Mr. Drew's leadership.

His Ontario Record

I think it is safe to say that neither of these tendencies was expected from Mr. Drew when he was elected to the leadership. The standard by which he was judged in that election was largely his record in Ontario and neither tendency has been in public evidence here. In fact, as mentioned before, one of the great strengths of the party has been its unity. Under Mr. Drew's leadership it has gained the reputation of being exceedingly democratic, and there is no doubt this has been responsible for many supporters placing their confidence in it. Also, while it has always been accepted that Mr. Drew had the backing and took the close advice of a number of men with substantial standing in the financial world, during his Ontario tenure of office there has never been the suspicion that he was bowing to control from the group.

Credit for this, along with the other success of his government, has always gone to Mr. Drew. But it also has been recognized that for his support he has had an exceptionally strong cabinet. There are several men in his government who for one moment would not stand for either autocratic control or the influence of pressure groups.

So that, if true, the reports of dissension now might indicate that the strong position which the party has reached in this province may have been built up by the men surrounding him rather than through Mr. Drew himself. In fact they may have kept him on the path of wisdom.

It is therefore a matter of some moment just how much there is behind these reports. This, of course, is a matter which probably never will be definitely answered—not, at least, until one of the principals happens to write his memoirs or otherwise unburden himself to the public. But there are some factors which are known, and others which have the ring of truth, and from them deductions may be taken.

The Early Rumors

The record probably dates back to July. Shortly after Mr. Bracken announced his resignation and it was obvious that Mr. Drew would be in the race to succeed him, there were rumors at Queen's Park of lack of harmony in the cabinet. According to the reports the members of the cabinet wanted Mr. Drew to declare himself then, at least to them, so that they could make some definite plans for the future. There was never anything very substantial to these rumors, but they were persistent. And there was just enough indication of possible bad feeling to give them some ring of truth.

In any event these were preliminary. The actual beginning of the incidents leading up to Mr. Blackwell's statement was only a few days before the Ottawa convention. It started with a report that Mr. Drew's successor (by that time there was very strong assurance that Mr. Drew would get the leadership) would be Mr. Kennedy, who would be appointed by Mr. Drew and remain in office for two years and then be succeeded by Robert Saunders, former mayor of Toronto and now chairman of the government-run Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

This report was substantiated by Mr. Kennedy himself, who didn't hesitate to indicate to close friends that he would be taking over the premiership and expected to spend some time in office.

When the delegates had assembled at Ottawa the report was common gossip but also it had been elaborated. By now the reasons for the Kennedy appointment were being given. And they, according to the scuttle-butt, were that he was to be put in office so that Mr. Drew could maintain close control over not only the Ontario government but the provincial party and its funds and organization.

Mr. Kennedy, the 70-year-old veter who had been in the Legislature sinc 1919 and has a very strong influenc with the farm vote, it was said, woul be a fitting public head of the part and yet at the same time would b

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Party tranquillity was ruffled when Attorney-General Leslie Blackwell said he would seek the premiership.

entirely amenable to suggestion from Mr. Drew. The whole proposal was said to be the brain child of the "Bay Street" group.

This was the gossip and before long everyone knew it. Various members of the cabinet (who, of course, were all attending the convention), it has been reported since, alarmed at the strength of the rumors approached both Mr. Drew and Mr. Kennedy, protesting that they had not been consulted. There is some possibility that they received reassurance from both that nothing would be done without a consultation. It is known definitely that some of the government members did talk the matter over among themselves and agreed that they would never submit to the apparently arbitrary procedure that was being suggested.

Uncertainty, Then Shock

Thus the matter apparently rested until the convention ended. The various members of the cabinet made their way back to Toronto, still a little uncertain but feeling sure they would at least be consulted. But then they received a shock.

For on picking up the Toronto *Globe and Mail* on Monday morning they saw an eight column headline across the front-page which said "KENNEDY TO BE PREMIER" and below it was a large cut showing Mr. Kennedy shaking hands with Mr. Drew. The picture had obviously been posed at the convention, and the accompanying story, in the columns of a paper which is known as the "Drew bible," while it did not actually say Mr. Drew had named his successor, was strong enough evidence to convince those who had been suspicious that everything wasn't right in Denmark.

If any clinching evidence were needed it was provided the next morning when the *Globe and Mail* in a piece of well-constructed drivel on its editorial page supported the right of Mr. Drew to do practically anything he wanted about his successor in any way he wished.

That day Mr. Blackwell issued his statement. In it, after noting that there had been no consultation with the cabinet regarding a Drew successor, he pointed to the press reports. Claiming that the naming of a successor by any other method than election by the representatives of the party would be "fatal," he called for an early convention. At the same time he announced his own candidacy.

In the statement, other than the note regarding lack of consultation, the Attorney-General didn't offer any direct criticism, but an important consideration is that its timing alone was sufficient indication that he believed there was something serious to oppose.

In making the statement he would know very well that he would be leaving himself open to very wide criticism (as has proven true). Not only would he be accused of being personally ambitious, but it would be said he was hasty. His statement, and this he was bound to know, left the way wide open for Mr. Drew to reply, either by words or action, that there never had been any intention either of appointing Mr. Kennedy without consultation or of having him hold office for any length of time without a convention. Yet appreciating these things (and he is an exceptionally astute politician), Mr. Blackwell apparently nevertheless felt the situation was serious enough to warrant making his statement immediately before things went any further.

This essentially completes the record. Subsequently, two days later Mr. Drew announced that a caucus would be convened to decide the procedure which should be followed in naming his successor, and when this caucus was convened on the recommendation of the cabinet it approved the choice of Mr. Kennedy, who announced he wouldn't contest the permanent leadership. The caucus also unanimously recommended the calling of an early convention. Both the preceding cabinet meeting and the caucus, it has been reported, were amicable. And Mr. Drew, other than his statement on the caucus, has never had anything to say on the possible breach.

Apparent Peace

It would appear that if there were a threat to either the autonomy or the freedom from control of the provincial party it has been averted. There is apparent peace within its ranks now. The rank and file members appear satisfied. And Mr. Blackwell, who told friends shortly after making his statement that his only interest was to see that the party wasn't undermined, appears quite content now that an open fight is assured. He shows no concern over any loss he may have suffered through the criticism of his action. Other members of the cabinet appear equally content. But there still is the question of whether the threat was ever there, and with it all the implications which it carries.

Incidentally, one of the regrettable aspects of the situation has been the reflection which it has placed on Mr. Kennedy. There was universal agreement among everybody, including Mr. Blackwell, that the Agriculture Minister as a fitting crown to his long career in public life should be given the premiership. He has been an admirable public servant and is universally respected throughout the province and in all political spheres. At no point did the controversy ever centre on the fact that he should secure the premiership but rather on the way it should be given him. Under any circumstances, it seems certain, both the cabinet and the caucus would have voted that he head the caretaker regime.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Many "Little People" Like Harry But Cold Figures Indicate Dewey

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

WITH election day less than a fortnight away, it seems to be generally taken for granted that Thomas E. Dewey will be elected president and Earl Warren, vice-president, of the United States. It's almost trite to make that observation, yet, before the curtain rings down on this somewhat unexciting presidential race, we would like to place on the record the opinions of several people who think that President Truman could win. These are not famous Americans. They are what you might call "little people," insofar as fame and influence is concerned. They lack any special qualifications or sources of information upon which to base an election prediction. Their opinions are purely personal.

First there is "Scotty," the newsvendor who sells a morning newspaper at Pennsylvania Avenue and 14th street, virtually in the heart of the National Capital, only two blocks from the White House. Scotty has a brogue as thick as that of the most recent Scottish arrival in Canada from the Old Country. Yet he is as American as apple pie. He's a baseball fan with a true American love of the national sport, bred of some 40 years' residence in this country. Here is what he thinks:

As campaign nears end, Harry Truman blasts G.O.P. as "one big company union run for benefit of National Assoc. of Manufacturers."

"Truman will win the election, as sure as I'm alive. That other fellow hasn't a chance. The people don't want a Republican president. You wait and see."

The newspaper that Scotty vends has a national reputation as a great liberal journal yet its crack reporters and commentators to a man predict a certain Dewey victory. Maybe Scotty doesn't read their predictions.

Then there's a neighbor, a housewife, who wants the Democrats to be elected and thinks that they will win. Her comment: "I don't like Dewey. He's too small. I don't trust him. There's something false about him, the way he smiles and talks, when you see him in the newsreel. I think Truman will make it."

Thomas Dewey, confident of victory, expects to take 29 states, 350 electoral votes; 266 are needed to win.

Then, of course, there's that railway engineer, who last week had the misfortune to start backing up a Louisville and Nashville Railroad engine at Mount Vernon, Ill., just as 1,000 Dewey fans crowded around the rear platform to hear the G.O.P. candidate. Dewey was reported to have said: "That's the first lunatic I've had for an engineer. He probably should be shot at sunrise, but we'll let him off this time since nobody was hurt."

Piqued Engineer

The newspapers, 75 per cent of which have plunked for the Republican slate, have not commented on this undiplomatic and unkindly comment attributed to the G.O.P. nominee. However, Engineer Tindle, who apparently was quite within his rights in backing the train when he did, had this to say:

"Dewey shouldn't have called me a lunatic, because he didn't know what it was all about. I think just as much of Dewey as I did before and that isn't very much."

Purport of his comment was that he would definitely not be voting the Republican ticket. Consensus of National Press Club taproom experts on this incident was: "Well, Dewey has just kissed the railroad vote goodbye." Fact is that the railroaders, through their unions, are already on the Truman wagon, but the episode, widely publicized on the news wire services, did not sit well with the average individual.

Our last interviewee is an unemployed factory worker, who has Wallace leanings, yet says he will vote for Truman to perpetuate the "good works" of the late President Roosevelt. "I wouldn't be caught dead voting Republican," he said.

For what they are worth, there are four recent individual opinions about the Republican election chances and the G.O.P. presidential candidate which are in conflict with most political experts, with the national pollsters, with liberal as well as Republican newspapers and newsmen.

Whether or not he wins, President Truman has impressed most Americans with his spunk. Many are inclined to criticize the vitriolic tenor of his "give 'em hell" tactics. Yet even his most ardent detractors will not gainsay that he is a good American, who really tried to do his best, when fate made him the occupant of the White House. It's said that although he tried hard, his best just wasn't good enough to meet the difficulties that confronted him. He was unable to get along with either the

(*Continued on Page 44*)

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

Canadians Will Never Grow Up Until They Laugh At Themselves

AS A RECENT immigrant to Canada from England, I was entertained to note some singularly self-satisfied comments on the subject of Canadian immigration policy, in the editorial "On Inlets and Outlets" (S.N., Sept. 25). Here you re-stated the well-known premise that Canada chiefly needs unskilled labor, and you remarked, with, I am afraid, a trace of the smugness that is somewhat characteristic of Canadian journalism, that "we seem to be able to produce scientists and professors and doctors and businessmen quite readily here at home; but we are not, and have never been, very good at producing unskilled workers."

There is obviously little doubt that Canada does chiefly need unskilled laborers—from a short-term point of view. But there is a more idealistic, and a longer-term viewpoint.

To have any chance of achieving true greatness as a nation, Canada must find amongst her population a reasonable proportion that is genuinely cosmopolitan in outlook, and a reasonable proportion that has some sophistication and some sense of humor. Canada needs more people who can laugh at themselves as *Punch* and parts of the *New Statesman* laugh at England and as the *New Yorker* laughs at the United States. Canada needs at least a few men who can see this country as part of a planet, and not merely see Toronto as a part of Ontario.

These are the sort of people that Canada is obviously unable to produce for herself in sufficient numbers, however readily she can turn out efficient professors and businessmen. Canada may not be very good at condescending to produce unskilled workers, but she is certainly downright bad at producing the type of men who in the long run will make or break her as a nation.

Your government departments in Ottawa are crying out for men with minds sufficiently broad to enable them to write reasonable appreciations on questions of moment and international scope. Your legislation and your politics, with their laws about liquor advertisements and their controversies about margarine, show a narrowness of mind that must be unsurpassed in a Scottish crofter's cottage. Your press and most of your magazines show your lack of internationalism and your lack of any self-satire in your humor.

I was sitting in the lounge of the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa the night before the Progressive Conservative Convention opened. Lobbying in the lobby was fast and furious; the air resounded with cries of "Senator! Senator!" Ribbons and badges made delegates resemble supporters at a football game. Some were ill-dressed and in battered stetsons; some looked like diplomats in homburg hats. In fact the scene was funny. But two people smiled. One was myself; and the other was the Englishman I had gone to Ottawa to meet!

Toronto, Ont. RECENT IMMIGRANT

Voice of Science

A RECENT article in the *Christian World* (London, England) quotes a physicist in a state University as follows: "I have come to three conclusions. The first is that salvation is not to be found in Science; secondly, we must have a moral revival; thirdly, we can have no moral revival without a living religion." It is refreshing to have such a frank admission from a representative of the scientific world. We have, for too long, pinned our faith on the advances of Science. We felt new world possibilities were wrapped up in the output of the laboratories of Science. In recent years we have been rudely disillusioned, our scientific output had outdistanced our power of control. Unless and until we develop moral control to direct our material and mechanical resources for worthy ends, our civilization is doomed. The basis for all such moral control is a living religion. The imperative need of this grave hour is an individual and national return to God.

The practical requirement of our modern world found expression centuries before in the words of the prophet Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk with thy God." (Micah 6:8.) The voice of Science is now being heard supporting the voice of religion. As we seek first the Kingdom of God all things needful for a world of security, peace and progress will be realized.

Toronto, Ont. (Rev.) R. S. LAIDLAW

Clearing Houses

IN A Business Front Article (S.N., Sept. 4) there is posed the question "How to preserve the social values of individualistic enterprise in a world inevitably becoming more collectivist?"

I suggest that in any economy, totalitarian or democratic, goods and services produced must be exchanged for goods and services desired through the price system. No alternative has ever been proposed. The various commodity exchanges, or clearing houses, are composed of individual members constituting "free enterprise" but collectively organized. When Marketing Boards under political control are substituted, the function of the price system is destroyed. Commodity exchanges register prices and regulate the price level which determines the real income of the nation. The social distribution of that income is generally performed by taxation.

Thus economic democracy is maintained by the clearing houses and political democracy by the social distribution of income. Political democracy can of course cut its own throat by ignoring, as the Socialists do, the primary function of producing an income through the exchange of goods and services. Sir Stafford Cripps in his speech to the Trades Unions at Margate emphasized this very point.

But economic democracy operating through clearing houses can only function efficiently with freedom of information. It is *that* specific function of the clearing house system upon which individualistic enterprise must concentrate and for which it must be responsible.

L. W. MAKOVSKI

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Utopianism Of Communists And Liberals Is Danger

By ARTHUR GARRATT DORLAND

One noteworthy characteristic of today's thinking is its Utopianism. This is particularly true of Communism but also shows itself in some thinking by well-meaning liberals.

This is the main argument of Arthur Garratt Dorland, Professor of History at London's University of Western Ontario. He attacks the false rationalism of Utopia which would substitute blueprints of a future state for the achievements of today.

MEN desire change and are easily disenchanted with the present. There is an old rhyme which, while taking rather a cynical view of human nature, expresses the restless desire for change that apparently is deep-rooted in mankind:

As a rule man is a fool
When it's hot, he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not.

History would seem to bear out this view. During periods of transformation, confusion, or misery—usually the result of social and economic upheaval—there have frequently emerged proposals for social change taking the form of Utopias.

The Utopia which has given its name to all its successors is that of Sir Thomas More, written in 1516. More wrote at a time of great social discontent caused by the breakdown of the manorial system, the rise of large-scale sheep farming and the destruction of the English monasteries by Henry VIII. His Utopia or Nowhere satirized an ideal society in which wealth would be divided equally, and where the existence of equality and the cooperative principle would make unnecessary a multitude of laws. Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis", James Harrington's "Oceana" and many others might be mentioned. These Utopias pictured an ideal society by which the good community for all men for all time would be realized. They assumed their citizens would be without human defects.

The Communist state of Marx and Lenin is the present-day Utopia believed in by millions of people. To many in Russia, still remembering the abuses and evils of the Czarist system, the Communist ideal seems both desirable and possible. To fellow-travellers in other lands, some moved by a genuine humanitarianism, others by a desire for power, or by despair, or by sheer desperation, Russian Communism appears as proof positive that a Utopian dream can be made an actuality. Given the proper conditions, the Marxian dialectic has a strong appeal. The Communist apparently knows exactly what he wants and drives directly toward his goal.

Powerful Motives

Two powerful motives work for Communism. First there is pity on the part of the humanitarian idealist who places himself imaginatively in the situation of his suffering fellowmen and who believes that, through Communism humanity will be liberated. Second, there is the will to power and resentment of those at the bottom of the social scale who see in Communism the means of improving their condition.

The positiveness and air of scientific finality adopted by Communism also imposes on the credulity of many people. In keeping with their scientific pose, the Marxians disclaim any Utopian aims, but claim to reach their conclusions in a purely objective and scientific manner. Lenin, speaking of the Marxian approach to the development of social institutions, says: "There is no trace of an attempt on Marx's part to conjure up a Utopia, to make idle guesses about what cannot be known. Marx treats the question of Communism in the same way as a naturalist would treat the question of the development of a new biological species." This impresses many people and wins their blind acceptance of Communist doctrines as an exposition of scientifically tested truth.

Fundamental Error

One fundamental error of Communism is the identification of the Marxian ideal with historical development. The basic assumption of Communism is that the course of history actually follows the Marxian dialectic. Assuming the inevitability of class war, this situation can only be resolved according to Marxian theory by wiping out all classes.

But though something like this did happen in Russia, it was due to special conditions in that country. Actually Communism has made little headway outside of Russia, except in backward agrarian countries whose economic systems and discontented peasants resemble Russia's before the Bolshevist revolution. Russia is what it is today not because of "historical necessity" but because a few resolute leaders by persuasive and forceful means built political and cultural institutions in Marxian terms. The success of the Communist revolution in Russia may be largely explained by the political inexperience and weakness of the middle class which comprised only about 7 per cent of the population. Under able middle-class leadership the revolution might have been turned into liberal-democratic channels. In Italy middle class leadership has never been strong, but the resolute front presented by Italian liberals in the recent election shows what can be done to offset defeatism.

Communism calls for a blind faith from the common man who is supposed to benefit in a proletarian Utopia. For while asked to believe in and to support this unrealized goal, he is asked to give his blind obedience to the leaders of the Communist party. Apparently these leaders are the only ones who understand the full implications of Marxian theory and are the only ones capable of forseeing future developments and of directing the revolution wisely to its triumphant goal. In the carrying out of revolution, control cannot be entrusted to the common man expressing his will through democratic processes. Absolute control must remain in the hands of the few leaders of the Communist party who thoroughly understand Marxian philosophy. When the revolution occurs, government will not be a proletarian democracy but a dictatorship of elite proletarian leaders. To this elite the common man is asked to give unquestioning obedience.

Only A Temporary Phase

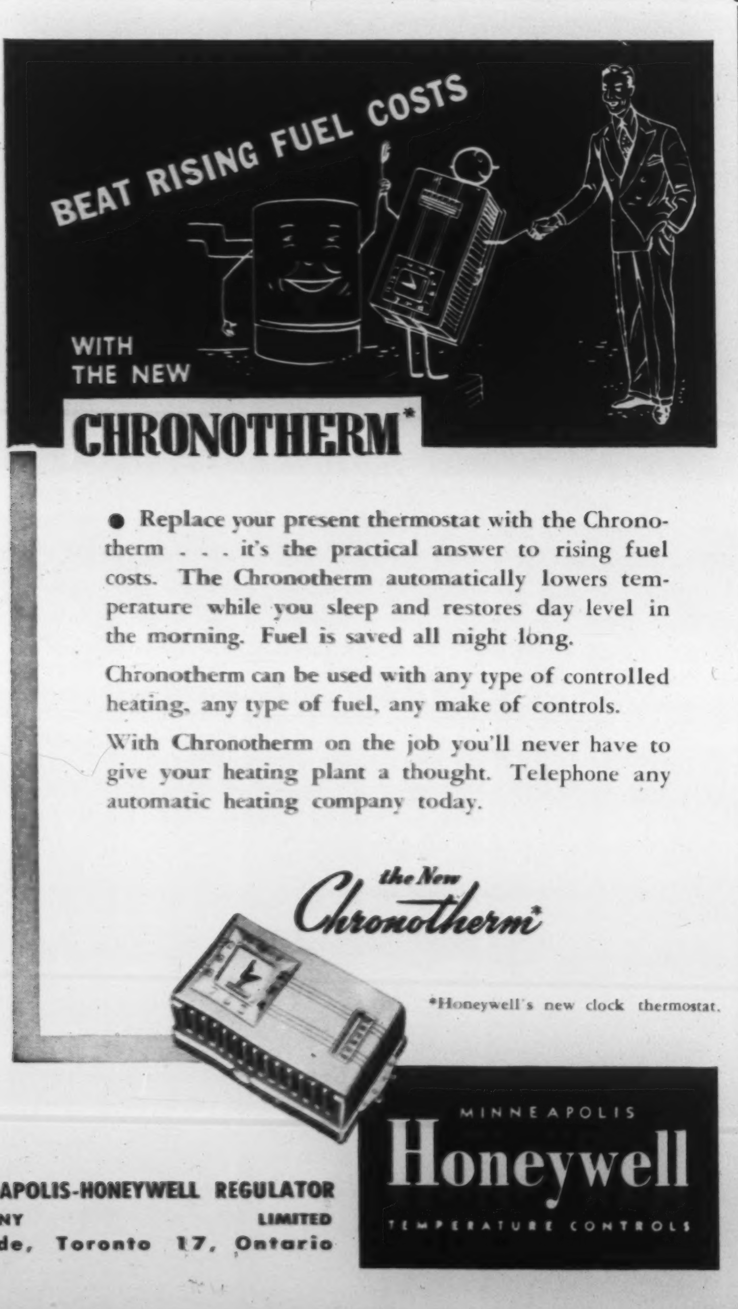
What is the status of the common man in Russia today? Deprived of the power to strike, of freedom of movement, of domicile, of speech, of choice of occupation; made to work for wages over which he has no control—the common man is asked to believe that his slavery in the Communist state is a new form of liberty. He is assured that these hard conditions are but a temporary phase; he can expect better things. But all the worker really is promised is unlimited right of expectation.

Since the Marxian dialectic is based on assumptions which are incapable of proof and require blind faith from its adherents, Communism is in effect a form of religion. But the claim to special wisdom and foreknowledge by Communist leaders makes them necessarily intolerant of all competing religions or ideologies. Utopian planners are essentially intolerant of rival Utopias and usually attack them ruthlessly.

In addition, there is implied the belief that the salvation of mankind can be achieved by changing society. By equalizing incomes, by applying the Marxian labor theory of value, by a different method of producing and distributing goods, or by some other economic device, the ultimate happiness of man is to be assured. Thus Utopian planners affirm that the chief means of improving mankind are external to himself and will be attained merely by improving his economic position.

Another dangerous aspect of Utopian planning is the tendency to think in universal terms, demanding that all other ideologies either submit or perish. This "dominate-or-perish" view of the world has influenced all areas of thinking today and is partly responsible for much of the loose talk about the inevitability of another world war. A Utopian Communist world is set up against a Democratic Liberal world, one or other of which must dominate or perish. Democratic liberals are deluded by this false logic of Utopian rationalism. A Democratic-Liberal Utopia claims for itself the same universality and omniscience as a Marxist Utopia. This false rationalism eliminates compromise or agreement to disagree, and so makes any reasonable solution impossible.

We can relieve today's tensions by refusing to be beguiled by the false rationalism of perilous Utopias. Instead of sacrificing the present to the imaginary splendors of a future Utopia, we can address ourselves resolutely to the task of alleviating the most obvious evils and injustices in our own society. Without indulging in Utopian dreams, we may expect Democracy to flourish in such an atmosphere and Communism to wither away.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LIGHTER SIDE

Ghost Town

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"OH, OH, a real tree," said the young man who was guiding me through the Hollywood studio. "Somebody will get into trouble for that."

The tree was in fact a real tree, standing in front of a set that was already half-dismantled. It had been chopped off at the roots and then fitted with struts like a Christmas tree and the leaves were beginning to curl and wither. "That's the kind we usually have around here," he said, indicating a tree skeleton to which leafy branches had been cunningly wired. "Only a set director can make a tree. God doesn't pay much attention to camera angles . . . How'd you like to go round and look at some of the permanent sets?"

He was an amiable and knowing young man whose business was to establish those ingenious connections between Hollywood and the press which keep the stars always glowing and incandescent. Like most members of his profession he was both disillusioned and enthusiastic. The chief trouble with the movies, he explained to me as we went along, was that they tended to play everything way down. "What we need is some fine old hams," he said. "Only there aren't any any more."

"Where are they now?" I asked.

"Dead," he said, "or gone into radio. As a matter of fact, there's only one fine old ham left but we can't get him under contract. . . Ever see this?"

We had paused before a small-town railroad station, with actual tracks running up to the platform and real coaches on the tracks. I had of course seen it a hundred times before—had seen the heroine returning to her home town from the city, looking far too well-dressed for her circumstances, the eager small-town family waiting for the son back from the wars, the haggard wife arriving or departing by midnight. "They change the nameplate and paint it up or weather it down, but it's always the same station," he said.

"Who is the fine old ham you can't get under contract?" I asked as we moved on down a New York street of brownstone fronts.

"Why General MacArthur," he said, and added, "You ought to know this street."

I knew it, of course, perfectly. It was like meeting face to face someone whose photograph one had been seeing in the papers for years. "The heroine comes down it a little after midnight," I said. "She's a singer in a rather shady nightclub and in the club she has picked up a nice young sailor on leave. She'd like to ask him in but she can't because the proprietor of the nightclub is trailing them in his car—"

My companion had mounted the brownstone steps and was trying the door. "She'd have a hard time entertaining him in there," he said, opening the door on a glimpse of struts and twitchgrass and scantlings. "They set up all the interiors back in the studios."

Like the movies themselves, it was a two-dimensional world and rather disturbing and uncanny. "It's really a ghost town."

"That's right," he said; and as we went on past the brownstone fronts he indicated a side street, bristling with minarets. "Java," he said, "or maybe Burma. Oriental anyway."

"COAL town," he added a moment later, pointing to a side street where cottages shouldered each other up a slaggy hillside. Then everything opened up with dream-like irrelevancy on a wide treeless street set with familiar clapboard buildings. It stood empty and still, waiting for the hero to come galloping through the town. He would toss his reins over the hitching post and stride up the rickety steps and through the swing doors; and there in the corner would be Akim Tamiroff, probably playing Seven-Toed Pete.

"It really *is* a ghost town," I said.

It was haunted by thousands of celluloid spirits, condemned to go on repeating forever their earthbound routine. Like all ghosts they were tightly cast, limited to their own activities which had no relationship whatever to the special routines of other spirits—the ones, for instance, who were assigned to clamber, cutlass in hand or knife in mouth, over the railing of the Elizabethan galleon riding at anchor in a tank in the distance.

We passed a suburban villa, its garden heaped with soiled snow that glistened in the spring sunshine. "Gypsum and marble dust," my guide explained, "and there's a typical small-town main street." There was the drugstore at the corner, the baker's trays in the window next door, the butcher store next door to that. There was the Town Hall and the Main Street bank, its marble corners beginning to peel a little under the weather, and the Main Street movie with its familiar imitation weathered Tudor overhang. "All they have to do is change the names of the baker and the butcher, and the billing in the movie," he said and added, "They are shooting a picture now down at the other end of the street."

A LARGE crowd had gathered around the little house and garden at the end of Main Street. There were directors and assistant directors, electricians, sound recorders, script girls, prop men, makeup men, everyone in fact who had any right to be there. Having no right to be there, we stood at a little distance.

The curtains of the little house were freshly starched. This meant that the owners were decent hardworking people. On the other hand the paint on the front porch had been artfully weathered to an honest shabbiness, which indicated that the family was in modest circumstances. There were two people in the little garden—a young man lounging in a deck chair and a blonde girl with a hoe who was languidly cultivating the rosebed. She had a sweet expression and she wore a freshly-ironed housedress, which meant that she was simple and good, but there was something spry and gamey about the young man's looks and even the way he lounged in the deck chair had style of a sort. He was talking to the girl and watching her as he talked, indolently but at the same time shrewdly and intimately. The scene seemed to be going beautifully and then everything stopped dead, someone came forward with an armful of paper roses and began wiring them to the rose bushes, a makeup girl hurried up and busied herself with the heroine's hair. They worked hard for several minutes and then retired. The rose garden now bloomed more luxuriantly than ever and the girl looked exactly as beautiful as she had looked five minutes before.

"I think I know what happens," I said as we turned back the way we had come. "The hero is a cheap racketeer from the city and the girl is the daughter of a local real estate man who is also a highly respected citizen and a member of the town council. Naturally it doesn't occur to her that he is front-man for a gang organized to mulct small-town citizens by interesting them in some municipal project, maybe something patriotic like a Memorial Park. So he hangs round, getting himself established with the father and the town council and all the time a curious and disturbing change has come over his feeling for the girl. So presently his city girl, a blonde named Anita, lands in town and she sees at once what is happening and wires to Maroni—"

"You've been reading the script," my guide said.

"You don't have to read the script," I said. "You just have to know the rules."

"I've been thinking about General MacArthur," I said as we parted. "I don't believe it would work out even if you could get him under contract. You know how generals are. He'd never adapt himself to the system—changing his nameplate, painting him up, weathering him down, using him over and over."

He nodded rather sadly. "You may be right at that," he said.

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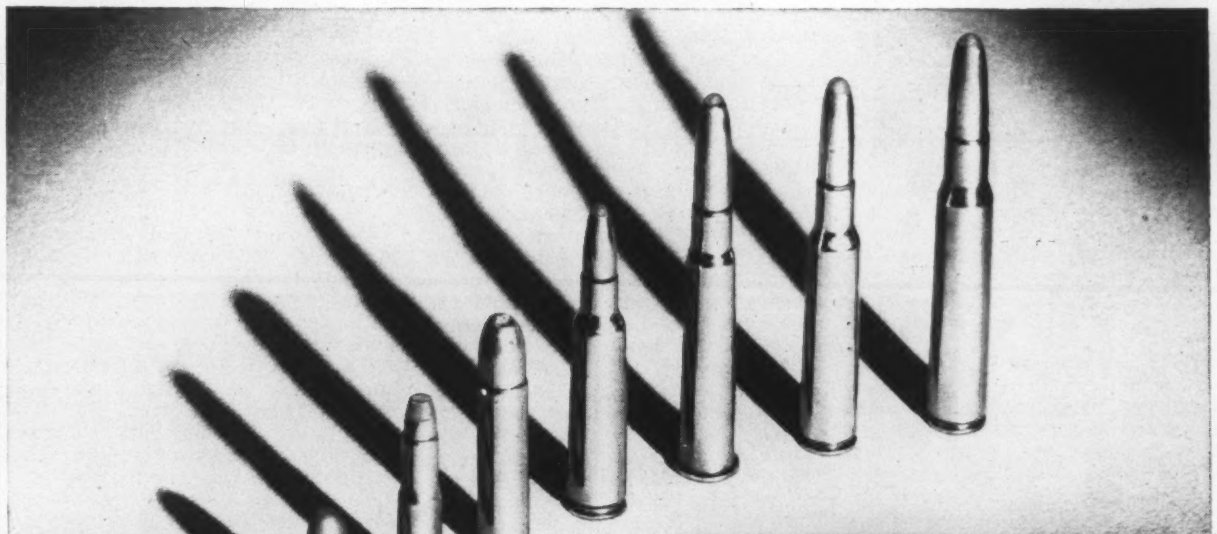

A typical drawing operation . . . 30-30 cartridge cases passing through the second of four drawing operations.

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The Spanish Black Market Puts Others To Shame

By WOLFGANG A. LEPPMANN

In the first of two articles, this writer, recently returned from visiting Spain, answers some of the puzzles that the western democracies meet when considering the dictatorship of Franco. The Battle of Reconstruction, ten years after the Civil War, is still the main national effort, lately dissipated by extending operations of the Black Market.

"IF YOU had a quarrel with your wife, and I came along to take her side, wouldn't you resent me?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well then, why don't you let us do our own housecleaning?"

This is the Spaniard's standard reply to the foreigner incautious enough to ask why the Spanish government is still unchanged. Almost inevitably, the conversation will end like this:

"Of course we were glad when Spain was included (by the U.S. House of Representatives) among the nations who are to receive Marshall Plan aid. Just think of how much it would have helped our Reconstruction! But when the decision was reversed we didn't complain. We can get along by ourselves, and the government is our own business anyway."

"In that case, Reconstruction will have to be your own business as well!"

Magic Word

Ten years after the Civil War, Reconstruction is still a magic word in Franco Spain. There is a special Ministry of Reconstruction, and the papers cover the so-called "Battle of Reconstruction" as avidly as they followed, ten years ago, the siege of Madrid.

There are impressive signs of Reconstruction everywhere. Many apartment blocks and public buildings in Madrid and other cities could well hold their own in New York or Los Angeles. Television, an invention which we are still wont to consider as "intriguing" or "novel", is fast becoming a matter-of-fact convenience at the bullfights of Vista Alegre, near Madrid. The country boasts quite a few first-class highways, especially in the North. For cleanliness, service and cheap fares the Madrid Metro (although largely pre-war) is well the equal of New York or London subways, while the capital's silent new double-decker buses are the last word in municipal transportation.

However, for every chromium and glass hospital there are ten empty shells of houses destroyed during the Civil War ("The War" to Spaniards), and the modern paper factories of Burgos are soon forgotten as the train passes along miles of ruined rolling stock hastily shunted onto a siding, and never touched since. The trouble is simply that the country is too poor in money and resources to rebuild even what little it used to have by way of modern technological and industrial equipment. The cities are full of cars, but they are old Italian Fiats and gleaming new Lincoln Continentals, German DKW's, and French Renaults exported for "hard" Spanish currency.

British Plumbing

As Spain has pitifully little coal, most of the country's railways are run by electricity—with Ansaldo or Breda engines from Italy, or Brown-Beveri ones from Switzerland! A Berkel scale weighs your pound of meat in the store. Taking it home you go up in a Roux-Combaluzier elevator from Paris, open your door with a Yale key, and turn on a Mazda bulb for light. The plumbing is likely to be British-made, with "H" and "C" on the taps, and the telephone may be any of half-a-dozen foreign manufactures. By extremely clever footwork during the war, extracting "peace money" and goods from both sides, the country managed to scrape through somehow. Now, with the Germans gone and the Allies beset by other worries, Spain barely vegetates on the edge of industrialization.

The Battle of Reconstruction threatening to end in stalemate, national attention is centered on the other magic word of modern Spain—*estraperlo*. It might be roughly translated as "Black Market", or "Parallel Market" as the ever-elegant French call it. But *estraperlo* is more than that; it has become part of a way of life, an ineradicable habit of thought and action like tipping, or allowing for an expense account.

Madrid's modern Calle José Antonio.

For example, Spanish cigarettes ("*Superiores*") officially sell for 0.75 pesetas a package. They cannot be bought at a tobacco store, which sells cigars only. The idea is to go into a restaurant and call the bootblack, who holds a semi-official concession for all black-market goods sold at the restaurant. He will return in a few minutes with a package of cigarettes on which is clearly printed "Precio: 0.75 ptas" (less than a dime). You are made to pay five pesetas for the package, or about 30 cents.

Ninety Cents For Twenty

If questioned on the discrepancy in prices, the bootblack will very patiently explain that he does not mean to cheat a customer, but that he has to live, "and so-and-so has to live, and if you think you can do better somewhere else, by all means go ahead and try!" Even now the cigarettes are not to be smoked: they come tightly rolled at both ends, and can only be used by unrolling the paper, transferring the tobacco onto a piece of ordinary cigarette paper with gummed edge, and rolling the final product in your hand. For customers who can afford them, the bootblack also carries Chesterfields and Lucky Strikes, at 15 pesetas the pack, or over 90 cents for twenty cigarettes!

The way to see *estraperlo* in its full bloom is to go on a railway journey. If a businessman has to take a trip from Madrid to Seville, a journey comparable in distance and density of traffic to the New York-Washington run, he has to proceed as follows: 1) Get a *talôn de identidad,* a sort of identity card for travelling purposes, from the Central Office of the Spanish Railways in Madrid. Name, domicile, points of departure and arrival as well as the date are written down, and the paper is then stamped by a railway official. 2) Buy a ticket, third class, to Seville. Without the identity card no ticket may be bought or sold. 3) Buy a seat reservation on a given train. If all seats are already reserved, which is frequently the case in this country at least twenty-five per cent short of essential rolling stock, the following complications arise: 4) a supplement has to be paid from third to second class, and if a first-class seat is desired, a further supplement from second to first (there is no direct supplement from third class to first). Finally, 5) a second (or first) class seat now has to be reserved as well.

Four Trainloads In Two

Spain is so short of rolling stock that only two trains daily leave Irun (on the French border) for Madrid, while four trains leave Paris for Irun every day. The inevitable result is that four trainloads are compressed into two trains, which means buying supplements to a higher class for those who can afford it, and inhuman crowding for those who can't. Spanish trains run on a wider gauge than French railways, so that changing cannot be avoided.

Travelling without reservation is impossible even for a short trip. As the average time-lag between the purchase of a ticket and getting the earliest available seat reservation is about two weeks, anybody in a hurry has to pay extra, "under the table" to the ticket vendor. Thus the additional cost of a first class ticket Madrid-Irun, for the day following that of buying the ticket, amounts to 150 pesetas, or about $10. This last item can be saved, of course, by the traveller who can afford to wait two weeks until his reservation comes up in the natural sequence of events.

The prices of other commodities and services, apart from cigarettes and travel, are also higher than in the U.S., while the national per capita income is infinitely lower. A Madrid restaurant meal will seldom be less than twenty pesetas (at 12 to 16 pesetas to the dollar, depending on the "black", "grey" or "white" rate of exchange); nor can a cup of coffee be had for less than 1½ pesetas. Newspapers, foodstuffs, telephone calls etc. follow the same proportion. Added to this is strict rationing, and a luxuriant black market, of many commodities, including such staple foods as bread, potatoes, sugar, vegetables and rice!

If that is Spain's present situation, what are her aims, and who are her friends, seeing that she cannot help herself? We shall discuss these questions in a second article.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Floods, History, Democratic State And Other Related Subjects

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE interest taken by any given reader in any given book is inevitably a highly personal matter and is also greatly influenced by time and place. To me the most interesting book on my desk this week is a 50c pamphlet entitled "Nature's Fury", produced by a group composed mainly of Vancouver newspaper men headed by Eric Sanderson of the *News-Herald*. It can probably be obtained by addressing the publishers (no name given) at 2780 Wall Street, Vancouver. It is the story, well written and heavily pictorialized, of the B.C. floods of May and June, and my interest in it is due to the fact that I know almost every square mile of the ground and hundreds of the people involved. It was a great drama and it deserves this commemoration.

In the same week comes in "Historic Backgrounds of British Columbia" by T. A. Rickard, published by the author and printed by Wrigley, Vancouver. Mr. Rickard is a former president of the B.C. Historical Association, and is a mining engineer with several technical books in that field to his credit. This volume deals largely with the very earliest explorations of the North Pacific coast by Russians, Spaniards and then Americans, and does so with rather more than a professional historian's interest in the merely picturesque. The English advance upon this priceless territory began about 1821, when the just united North-West Company and Hudson's Bay Company decided to move the former's trading post to a point just north of the Fraser, for fear that the U.S. boundary—when determined might fall north of the Columbia, and this stage of the history occupies only the last one-fifth of the book. This part is chiefly concerned with the gold and coal discoveries, on which Mr. Rickard is an authority. He records that a main reason for the choice of the Kicking Horse Pass for the C.P.R. was the desire not to leave too much of the Canadian mountain region dependent on the service of the Great Northern, the furthest north U.S. railway. An interesting book with much odd information.

For Two Parties

The important paper on "The Task of the Democratic State" read by Etienne Gilson at the McMaster summer conference of Young Liberals last September is now available, along with several other valuable utterances, in "Canada Looks Ahead," the record of the conference (Tower Books, Ottawa, $2). It is not necessary to be a professional Liberal in order to derive much benefit from, for example, Dean MacEwan on the needs of Canadian agriculture, or Dr. Mackintosh on trade and fiscal policy. Indeed it will be an excellent thing if these parts of the book are read by quite a lot of Progressive Conservatives and C.C.F.-ers. Communists are of course debarred by their religion from getting anything out of them.

A new United States history at the university student level is Chitwood, Owsley and Nixon's "A Short History of the American People" (Van Nostrand, Toronto, 2 vols., $5.25 each). It is curious how the extreme condensation necessary for a "short" history (this is 1500 pages) emphasizes the baser qualities and motives of public action and minimizes the nobler and more heroic—and it may be also that the reaction against the excessively patriotic type of history tends to produce the same result. Anyhow young Americans reading these volumes will have no reason to remain unaware of the small amount of wisdom with which their country has been governed. The authors appear to have been anxious to avoid any possible charge of hero-worship, with the result that the follies of the mass of the electorate and of the general run of their elected representatives are unrelieved by any shapes of greatness. There is however a most complete and valuable bibliography, including many works still unknown to the general public which are already reshaping the views of professional historians, among them H. L. Swint's "The Northern Teacher in the South, 1862-70".

"World Communism Today" is one of those books which are immensely useful to editors and commentators, because they contain a mass of information not generally available, reasonably up-to-date and reliable, and tidily arranged under countries. Canada, thanks to Gouzenko, gets quite a lot of space. The U.S.A. is of course the main battleground, and it is well to be reminded that the chief sin of Browder was that of using language which extended the wartime "united front" strategy of the party into an indefinite future; the party must never be committed beyond tomorrow. This book, by Martin Ebon (McGraw Hill, $5.50), is a survey of Communist strength and tactics in all the important countries of the world. It contains much biographical information on the various leaders, and estimates of the party strength in each country. If we say that these estimates are as reliable as can be had we are not saying much.

"Nehru on Gandhi" (Longmans Green, $2.50) is a collection of the various utterances by the great Congress leader on the teacher who called him his "beloved disciple". It contains some extremely beautiful and moving passages, many taken from the book "Toward Freedom", but the best from broadcasts and speeches addressed to Indian audiences.

The Oxford University Press has produced a beautiful small book containing "The Masque of Hope" written by Nevil Coghill and presented before Princess Elizabeth when she received her honorary degree. The masque was at one time a usual method of honoring royalty on visitations, but the last such occasion at Oxford was the visit of Charles I in 1636. It is delightful to find so pleasing a custom being revived with such spirit and in such genuine affection for the recipient. There are several illustrations and the price is $1.25.

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THE WORLD TODAY

Does Canada Hope To Hitchhike On North Atlantic Pact?

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

WITH our government playing a leading part in urging the formation of a North Atlantic security system, and ready to join one on the assumption that, as Mr. Pearson said, the overwhelming proportion of Canadians support such a policy as the best means of averting war, the question of our military contribution to this program becomes urgent.

It may safely be predicted that unless the international situation takes a surprising turn for the better, discussion of the expansion of our defence forces will project itself into the coming session of parliament as a prominent and painful topic. Before that time comes there is a big job of public information to be carried out.

It would be unfair and untrue to say that the government is doing nothing to strengthen our forces. It has, after all, just conducted an elaborate "Army Week" aimed at recruiting men and officers for the Active and Reserve Armies. It is well that the results of *that* remain unpublished for the present.

This Much Has Been Done

It has taken the wise precaution of setting aside before disposing of our own war surplus and procuring from British and American surplus, the best equipment available for six divisions,—including two armored—as Colonel Goforth, who was in charge of Weapon Procurement, stated last week. It is carrying out the costly development of a two-seater long-range jet fighter, a type of plane which neither the British nor Americans possess and which we hope to supply them, and overhauling over 200 planes, apparently taken from storage—as Mr. Claxton has himself announced in public.

It is spending on defence many times more per year than was spent before the recent war. As a result of this war, too, Canada has incomparably more arms and more trained men, officers and specialists than she had in the period before 1939, and is able to provide her active and reserve forces with far better and more realistic training, presuming that any early hostilities would begin where the late war left off.

But are we to compare our present needs with the utterly inadequate and almost fatally dangerous position of 1939? Are we to speak of forces which are adequate, or claimed to be so, to repel any attack to be expected at present against our own territory, presumably in the far north? Is that the danger, and the need, which we face just now?

What we are called upon to do, according to Mr. St. Laurent, is to muster, together with the other prospective members of a North Atlantic Pact, such a "preponderant force" that the Soviet Union will not be able to challenge it with any prospect of success, and probably will not do so. According to Mr. Churchill and General Crerar, warning us in recent days, we must "gather our strength" in all possible haste, if war is to be averted and a settlement secured.

From all present indications, however, our government has no real conception of such a "gathering of our strength" sufficient to intimidate Russia—which is what we have to do to save the peace. It seems to hope that Canada can climb aboard the North Atlantic Pact on a child's ticket. Once again one is reminded of the apt remark that to intimidate the Soviets we will have to take measures which will scare our own people. The thought of such measures seems already to have scared the government.

For the big issue is going to be, once again, the thorniest and most dreaded one in Canadian politics: the drafting of men for military service. How can it be escaped? We are not going to find the men for the necessary expansion of our forces and the manning of the weapons we have and those we are building, in such a time of high wages and boom conditions as the present, without some form of draft.

Every other member of the projected pact to secure the West has selective service or universal military training. They are not going to allow us to hitchhike on their effort and sacrifice. They are not going to appreciate in the least the arguments that will be raised in political quarters in this country as to why it is so difficult to strengthen Canada's forces through a similar measure.

One may feel the keenest sympathy with Mr. St. Laurent, the first Western statesman to urge the North Atlantic Pact publicly, who has kept urging it unremittingly through the past year and more, being faced in his first session as prime minister with the forbidding combination of conscription and election. And one may extend this sympathy to Mr. Drew, who as premier of Ontario would have been in the van in calling for such a strengthening of the country's forces, but as opposition leader at Ottawa must consider the votes which his party will need in Quebec if it is to come back into power.

It is possible, of course, and even likely, that calculations of the Quebec reaction based on past experience may be out-dated, and that defence against atheistic Communism might find a response in that province quite different from the response to the past appeals to contain German expansionism.

Miscalculating Quebec?

That meant, on two occasions, fighting in distant Europe in what could be, and were, interpreted by many *Quebecois* as "imperialist wars." The Communist danger is one which they can see in their own midst, one which their leaders are likely to oppose unanimously, and the defence against which requires in the present phase a standing to arms in our own country rather than the sending of troops abroad. Nor is there a question at present of drafting all of the 113,000 young men who come of military age each year. No more than a quarter to a third of this number would be required.

Even so, we may be sure that this is an issue which is going to be approached with the greatest diffidence and reluctance by our political leaders, who are also approaching an election which may seem a greater and more present hazard than the designs of the distant Kremlin.

But if Mr. Truman and those Republicans who have helped make the American bi-partisan policy possible, whose keen eye on election prospects is rarely questioned, have proven capable of taking the heroic steps of rearmament and selective service in an election year, one may hope that our own leaders will rise to the emergency. By doing so, they will spare themselves the humiliation of having it made clear to them, by Washington if not by London, that there cannot be any hitchhikers in the North Atlantic Pact.

If Canada's share is to be anything like one-sixteenth of the American contribution—and that is an authoritative Ottawa estimate of the ratio of our economic strength to the American, it will have to approximate the program laid down by Colonel Wallace Goforth and reproduced in this space last week. Yet of that program the cabinet minister concerned said last week that if it were adopted everything else in the country would come to a stop.

This view can scarcely be sustained. Our vastly greater war effort did not bring the other activity of the country to a stop. We are spending at present $235 millions a year on defence. Colonel Goforth, who had the task of preparing the defence estimates for two years during the recent war, has carefully estimated that his program would cost a maximum of $550 millions a year, and probably not more than $500 millions a year, for the three years over which it would be spread.

That would be four and a half per cent of our national income; we are now spending less than two and a

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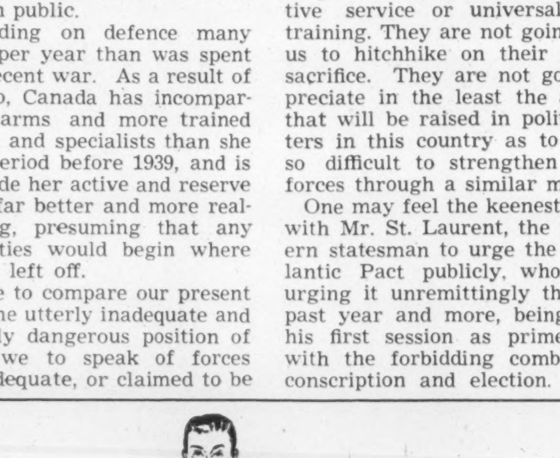

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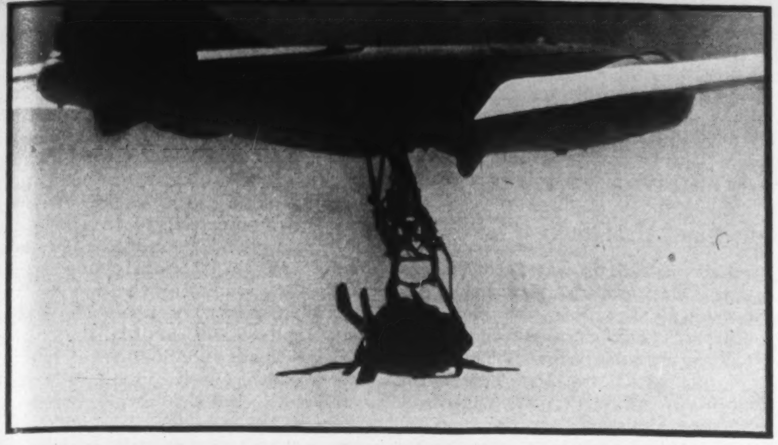

The U.S. Air Force's new parasite jet fighter, the McDonnell XF-85, being carried aloft on a trapeze attachment on the underside of a B-29 Superfortress. The midget fighter is designed to be carried in the bomb bay of long-range bombers, and is launched and recovered in mid-air.

quarter per cent. The Americans are spending this year $14.6 billions, or exactly seven per cent of their national income on their military budget, and that has not noticeably crippled their economy.

In our case, as far as the financial side goes, the additional defence expenditure recommended would consume only a quarter of the budget surplus, as indicated by the report for the first half-year. The money is already being taken from the taxpayer. The difference would be that the reduction of the national debt would be delayed by that much.

With Lend-Lease of arms to Western Union now considered certain for next year, the American military expenditure will scarcely be less than $17½ billions and with supplementary items could go over that figure. Thus if we boosted our own defence expenditure to $500 millions, we would still be making only one thirty-fifth of their effort, instead of the one-sixteenth which would be a fair proportion on the basis of our economic strengths, if we are to enter into a partnership to avert war. On our present scale we would be making only a seventieth part of their effort. That wouldn't do, and they would soon tell us so.

Since the permanent administrative, maintenance and training staff would largely serve the increased force, Colonel Goforth argues that we would receive considerably more than double the defence value by doubling our expenditure. Thus the Royal Canadian Navy spends only about 40 per cent of its funds keeping ships at sea; keeping twice the number of ships at sea would cost much less than double the present Navy appropriation.

In the air program, on which Colonel Goforth puts the main emphasis, four groups are called for in place of our present single understrength composite group of fighters, attack bombers, photo reconnaissance and transport planes. These proposed four groups would represent almost exactly one-sixteenth part of the present American program for 66 groups. But three of our groups would be fighters, which in planes and crew would cost far less than the heavy bomber groups which form such a large part of the American program.

Our Effort and Britain's

Further, since it would be almost impossible to secure under present conditions and against the competition of the R.A.F., which is also expanding, the several hundred Vampires needed to equip three jet fighter groups, we would probably have to use a good many last-war planes such as the Mustang, of which the Americans have large numbers in storage, and which would cost far less than jets.

A comparison of our effort with hard-pressed Britain's shows that with 3 1/3 times our national income, their defence estimates this year were 12 times ours. These must have been increased considerably since then by an expansion of both active and reserve forces.

It is bitterly disappointing that we should have to contemplate rearmament only three years after the war, and after scrapping our magnificent forces—which this commentary opposed at the time. But according to the interpretation of the outstanding leaders on our side the issue has become one of either gathering our strength as quickly as possible, while we possess a monopoly of atomic weapons, so as to bring things to a head and secure a settlement with the Soviets, or waiting irresolute, to face certain and terrible war later.

When we count costs, and temporary inconvenience to a fraction of our young men, we had better also count the cost of waiting for a war which, I am convinced, can still be averted by timely action. The Soviets will respect only strength. We should waste no time in putting such strength behind our diplomacy.

Karsh Photo

The Minister for National Defence, Mr. Brooke Claxton, in charge of our unified forces, has addressed many groups in public and private lately on the state of Canada's defences.

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LONDON LETTER

Britons' Voluntary Austerity May Upset Sir Stafford's Plans

By P.O'D.

London.

DEFENDERS of the Purchase Tax as a means of raising revenue make the claim for it that it is much less painful to the victim, that he is bled almost white without his being aware of it, and that, in any case, the individual contributions are as a rule so small that they are paid, if not cheerfully, at the worst with no more than a momentary impatience. Such is the theory, but it doesn't always work out like this. The consumer is a much more perceptive and obstinate animal than the planners seem to realize. If there is nothing else he can do about it, he can at least refuse to buy. And no purchase, no tax.

Textile wholesalers in this country are complaining of mounting stocks—nearly 75 per cent higher in piece goods than a year ago, according to an official of the Wholesale Textile Association. The manager of one large firm claims to have lying idle over £100,000's worth of goods, for which there is no market abroad, and which the retailer here is refusing to take over. The high tax would prevent their being readily sold; and if the tax were to be reduced the loss would fall on the retailer, who has to pay the tax in advance. The Chancellor of the Exchequer doesn't believe in rebates. What he has he holds.

The experience of the textile distributors is being repeated in the case of many other highly taxed goods—radio sets, for instance. The public is developing a high degree of what is technically known as "consumer resistance." It is true that there is a limit to such resistance. There are things that must sooner or later be bought. But it is amazing how much later you can make it, if you are sufficiently determined about it.

It is also amazing how many things you can do without entirely, if you decide that you can't afford them. And British consumers are so deciding. They are imposing on themselves a form of austerity of which not even Sir Stafford Cripps, the apostle of austerity, would wholly approve. If it goes on, what becomes of the vast revenue he so badly needs?

Barbers' Charter

Nearly all God's chillun have charters nowadays, so it is not surprising to discover that the barbers have one. Only theirs happens to be 600 years old. They have just been celebrating at Oxford the granting of their charter by the University in 1348, when the Guild of Barbers was established. Several hundred barbers have been attending the ceremonies there, which must have left the rest of the country rather badly off for hair-cuts.

Oddly enough, the Guild was abolished for a short while—by the Puritans of all people! You might think the Roundheads would need barbers more than most people, if only to keep them round. But perhaps they had their wives do it. Anyway, the Charter was renewed in 1675, and the dignity of the barbers restored.

Roman Canterbury

Not many people have reason to be grateful to the Nazi bombers. It is probable that not even the archaeologists are grateful, but there can be no doubt that the blitz has provided them with immense opportunities for enlarging their knowledge of ancient times, and making precise what formerly was little more than guess-work. Archaeologists are taking full advantage of these opportunities.

A few days ago in Canterbury I watched a number of them at work, mostly rather elderly people, men and women, slowly and carefully laying bare a series of ancient foundation walls. The battered old walls looked ordinary enough, but not, I suppose, to the eye of the trained achaeologist, for these walls were built in the distant days when Canterbury was a Roman city. So every stone that was uncovered and every fragment of tile was studied as though it were a bit of an ancient manuscript bearing a message for those who can read—or think they can.

Already in the bombed area of Canterbury they have excavated the massive remains of the Roman public baths, complete with cold plunge and hot room, the floor of the latter being supported by slender columns of tiles. In other parts of the area similar excavations are being made, and it is now becoming possible to say with considerable assurance just where and how the Roman city lay—its business centre around the present Guildhall, and the residential section with its villas and gardens stretching somewhat to the east.

To people with severely practical minds all this may seem not much more than a learned way of wasting time. But to those of a more scholarly or, if you like, more sentimental turn anything that brings us more closely in touch with ages so distant and so different from ours, and yet related historically, is of value, even to the ordinary layman. It enlarges the mental horizon. It is also a pleasure to let the imagination wander for a while in that Roman Canterbury, which seems to have been so orderly and busy and attractive a place. Escapism?—well, why not? Heaven knows, we have plenty to escape from.

Television Problems

British scientists and inventors were the pioneers in television. This country was the first to have an established television service. But one of the disadvantages of being a pioneer is that the methods you develop are adapted and improved on, as has happened in the case of television in the United States and elsewhere, and you find yourself faced by the problem of having to scrap and start fresh, or trying to make-do with what has become more or less superseded by newer methods.

The early success of British television has made this problem acute, for there are already in use in this country some 60,000 sets. To make any extensive change in the system of television broadcasting would render these practically useless, and be a heavy blow to the whole industry. An advisory committee has been considering the problem, and the official assurance is now given that the present British system is to be continued indefinitely. Under the circumstances, a sensible decision.

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MARITIMES LETTER

Maritime Medical Care Gets Ready To Provide Complete Coverage

By ERNEST BUCKLER

NOT THIS Christmas, but possibly next, and almost certainly by the one after that, it will be possible for Nova Scotians to go originality in gifts one better than the Fruit-of-the-Month by surprising each other with an annual subscription to medical care. The only catch is, He or She may already have one. Most likely, will have—it looks like a bargain. The monthly cost for surgical and obstetrical care will be only $0.75 per single individual; for individual and one dependent (husband, wife, or child), $1.75; for the family package, $2.50.

The cost for complete medical coverage, exclusive of hospitalization, will be exactly twice as much—an actuarial ratio which throws interesting light on the relative expense of ordinary illnesses and those which are a cut above the average. At least, these are the suggested rates in a Prepaid Plan adopted by the N.S. Medical Society at its recent convention in Ingonish, C.B., after previous study of such schemes in operation elsewhere and a dead-line flurry of legislation last year, to incorporate "Maritime Medical Care". That's what they've named the baby.

Minimum Tampering

Important from the psychological angle, there will be minimum tampering with the ordinary relationship between doctor and patient. You may go for treatment to any "participating" physician you choose; who will receive payment according to service, just as before—except, of course, that it will come from the Corporation. It may be assumed that all physicians will participate. The plan was finally adopted by virtual unanimity, however lukewarm certain practitioners, situated where fees could be above average and collections certain, were about it, beforehand.

I gathered from what might be called official sources, but in what had better be understood as unofficial conversation, that the scale of fees under the new system would parallel closely those allowable under the D.V.A. arrangement. Also that to help meet them—at least during the first year or two, while the idea is catching on and facilities are gearing themselves for demand—there will probably be some subsidy according to local conditions, in the form of support to the Corporation from, say, a particular municipality or a particular town. For older doctors, secure in the income of established practice, the plan can have no appeal other than a belief in its public value. But they seem to have that, no less than the younger ones who stand to gain by it materially.

The plan did not spring up entirely on the instigation of inner promptings, however. A chrystallizing influence was pressure from rival plans of the Maritime Hospital Association (Blue Cross), the Cape Breton Co-operative Scheme, and increasing government intervention in matters of public health. The N.S.M.S. preferred a plan of its own making to one which might be forced on it. The Blue Cross scheme it considered inadequate for general purposes, though welcomeable as auxiliary, in its current role of providing prepaid hospitalization. The C.B. scheme was unpopular because of its fixed salary feature. A common objection to both schemes was that they were the babies of laymen. To the charge that this shows a typically cabalistic attitude, the doctor replies that after you've spent seven years or more learning a profession it's not up to someone else to tell you how to practice it.

Their argument against the salary system, according to one doctor I talked with, is that it encourages laxity. Maybe the blankets feel pretty warm when the phone rings in the middle of the night, if it makes no difference to your pocket-book whether you answer that call or not. I suppose a conceivable rebuttal might be that, under the fee system, an occasional doctor could manipulate, say, hypochondriasis, to his own advantage just as easily. However, there are doubtless safeguards against such conceivable, if unlikely, practice; as there doubtless are against such possibilities as a financially swamping majority of subscribers joining up because they are on the brink of extensive treatment in any case. I believe, for instance, that it will not be possible to qualify for confinement benefits until both parents have been subscribers to the plan for at least ten months before the event.

So far, the plan has been adopted only in N.S. The N.B. Medical Society, though sympathetic (if not all the way, at least largely), feels that its province is too small to swing such an undertaking alone; and P.E.I. is satisfied, for the time being anyway, with its Blue Cross facilities. However, the Corporation called itself "Maritime (rather than N.S.) Medical Care" as an express gesture that negotiations which might lead to participation of the other two provinces would be welcome at any time.

An ironic feature of the convention was the death at its meeting-place of Health Minister Davis—on the very birthday of this project, the delivery of which he had piloted as enthusiastically as he did the institution of free treatment of T.B. and the new V.G. Hospital. He was one of Nova Scotia's most warmly regarded physicians, distinguished by a quiet friendliness in ultimate polarity to the occasional professional manner which suggests long hours of practising "Hmmmmmm . . ." with a tuning fork. This regard was so warm, in fact, that it shone, unconcealably, through even the conventional starch of posthumous "tributes".

Garbage Ban

Orbiting the stand taken some time ago by a different sort of convention, there has been widespread hue and cry from other resolving bodies throughout the Maritimes for the banning not only of obscene literature (if any two people can be found to agree on what is obscene and what isn't), but of trashy and poorly written stuff as well. This is no brief for deliberate nastiness in print—who could be bothered defending anything so tiresome?—but aren't they proposing to swap a liver spot for a cancer cell?

In the first place, I doubt if the shattering effect on a youth's morals of happening to pick up a book with questionable content is exactly seismographic. Anyone who has ever been a Maritimes boy can recall having heard these things spoken, not couched quite in the style of Henry James either—and yet we turned out to be fairly decent guys. (The exterior of a Maritimer may be decorous, but we've not been so little exposed to earthy chit-cat that the tiniest virus of indelicacy is apt to be fatal). I suppose it all boils down to the old conundrum, why an unprim thing should be so much less devastating through the ear than through the eye, or why, on the plane of true artistic realism, it should be so much more shameful to mention a physical characteristic or inclination than to possess it. I wonder if any youth or certainly any adult, whose moral structure is so flimsy that an accidental paragraph may rive it from stem to stern, isn't pretty expendable anyway.

In the second place, what's the alternative? Censorship and control. Maybe I've got a bug on this, but it seems to me that the thin edge of the wedge of censorship and control is one of the most deceptively bland-looking and most potentially dangerous jimmies of our time. It brings to mind that old story about the farmer who pooh-poohed the idea of marking down his daughter's marriage-appeal because, after all, she was "just a *little* pregnant." Goodness, have I debauched some innocent? I meant, "enceinte".

Earliest known perfect example of a Verzelini glass goblet recently shown at the eighth Antique Dealers' Fair in London. Seven others are known to exist, five badly damaged. Goblet is 8¾" high with bowl 3¾" across. Giacomo Verzelini, born in Venice in 1522, went to London in 1571 to set up a glass works. He was granted a 25-year monopoly by Queen Elizabeth.

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PRAIRIE LETTER

Manitoba's Political Marriage Is Headed Straight For Rocks

By P. W. DEMPSON

Regina.

THE political marriage of the Liberal and Progressive Conservative parties in Manitoba is heading for the divorce courts. For quite some time there has been a hint of unhappiness in this union of convenience; but for the sake of the coalition government they form, the two groups have been endeavoring to keep their marital relations free of strife. It appears now this is no longer possible.

The rift occurred when a Conservative member who had represented Minnedosa constituency since 1927 resigned to accept a civil service post. Under an unwritten agreement between the two parties since coalition in 1940, their candidates do not oppose each other in single-member seats. Thus it was taken for granted in Tory ranks that one of their candidates would contest the by-election this fall, with Liberal backing.

But the Liberals weren't having any of it this time. They promptly nominated one of their followers. Now the Conservatives are charging they have been double-crossed.

Whether they have been or not depends on which side of the fence you stand. At any rate the Tories are perturbed and intend to get to the bottom of it. Some of them feel this is the thin edge of the wedge to drive the Conservatives from their constituencies. Meanwhile, they intend to oppose the Liberal and C.C.F. candidates in Minnedosa.

The Liberal party itself has kept mum about its move. But not some of its members. Edmond Prefontaine, who represents Carillon constituency, has stated he and many Liberals feel that coalition has "outlived its usefulness." And this feeling is shared by some Conservatives as well.

The marriage of the two parties took place eight years ago, when the C.C.F. was making strong inroads into Manitoba's political picture. The purpose of the union—to keep the C.C.F. at bay—has been achieved. Even the results of the last election in October, 1945, show that the people of Manitoba are still coalition-minded. Of the 55 seats, the Liberals won 26 and Conservatives, 13.

Many supporters now feel the emergency is over—that coalition should be discontinued. Of its nature, it is contrary to our parliamentary system of government because it denies effective opposition. It also hinders progress and initiative. In a sense, you can say coalition is government by promise, not by principle.

With Manitoba likely to have a general election in 1949, I look to the two old-line parties opposing each other in many ridings where formerly they had joined forces.

Not Yet Dead

That rarest and most magnificent of birds, the whooping crane, is not yet "dead as a dodo." For years the object of an intensive hunt by ornithologists of both Canada and the United States, two of the "whoopers" were recently discovered in the marshlands surrounding Rice Lake, 20 miles west of Saskatoon. Identification was secured through aerial photographs of the birds.

About 100 years ago the whooping crane existed in large numbers in western Canada and the central states, but it's now on the verge of extinction. It is estimated there are less than 30 left. Several wild life organizations in the U.S. and Canada are desperately trying to help the bird re-establish itself. While numerous reports have been received from people who claim they have seen the birds, this is the first time they have been positively identified.

The whooping crane stands four feet high, has white plumage, a red head and black wing tips. It gets its name from its call—a "whooping" sound that can be heard three miles away on a calm day.

The Tasty Goldeye

Amphiodon alosiodes is, plainly speaking, the tasty goldeye. Menus usually list it under the trade name of "Winnipeg goldeye," for the fish was first processed, dyed and smoked in a Winnipeg plant.

Goldeyes are widely but spottily distributed. They've been found as far south as Louisiana, as far north as the Northwest Territories, and in Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Manitoba's lakes are the principal source.

But goldeyes haven't been thriving for some time. And gourmets the world over who have long regarded this fish as a delicacy are deeply concerned. So is the Manitoba government and the Dominion fisheries department. The two at present are making a study of this popular fish to determine what is causing its disappearance.

Goldeyes require five years to mature, a fairly good supply of oxygen to survive. In Manitoba it has been found that muskrat conservation projects near The Pas have constituted a hazard for young goldeye when they are ready to move from the spawning grounds. Many have died of suffocation when the water in dams fell to low levels, depleting the oxygen supply. Another hazard has been the use of finely-meshed nets, resulting in the taking of fish which have never spawned.

Recently Lake Claire in Wood Buffalo National Park, 500 miles north of Edmonton, was opened to commercial fishing for goldeyes. This should ease the demand on Manitoba lakes. Other areas in Alberta are under study as potential sources.

Musical Ride

The famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police musical ride has been revived. Early in October it was shown in conjunction with the Pacific International Livestock Exposition at Portland, Oregon. And shortly it will be featured at the National Horse Show in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and in New York.

Last seen in 1939, this colorful ride which thrilled vast crowds all over Canada and the United States was disbanded because of the war. The R.C.M.P. didn't have sufficient men nor horses to continue it.

The ride is performed by 32 scarlet-coated Mounties, astride their high-spirited, coal black horses. The men carry steel-tipped wooden lances, with gold and red pennants flying. While a band plays, the horses and riders perform a number of drill movements at the trot and canter.

The musical ride dates back to the days of chivalry, when knights in armor mounted on chargers formed the backbone of the British army.

Soap Box Derby

Edmonton's annual Soap Box Derby has been won for a second straight year by 15-year-old Wayne Pratt, who finished out in front of a field of 84 entries. The significant thing about the derby, however, is how popular it is becoming. More than 8,000 people attended it this year.

Up to now soap box derbies have been confined largely to the United States. The one at Akron, Ohio, never fails to draw less than 50,000 people annually. When introduced on several occasions in Canadian cities, they rarely had any crowd appeal. Not only did young boys themselves show a certain apathy toward them, with the result that few cars were built to take part, but the general public couldn't become enthused.

Edmonton has shown what can be done with proper organization. The event there is directed by the Edmonton Recreation Commission and sponsored by the Federation of Community Leagues.

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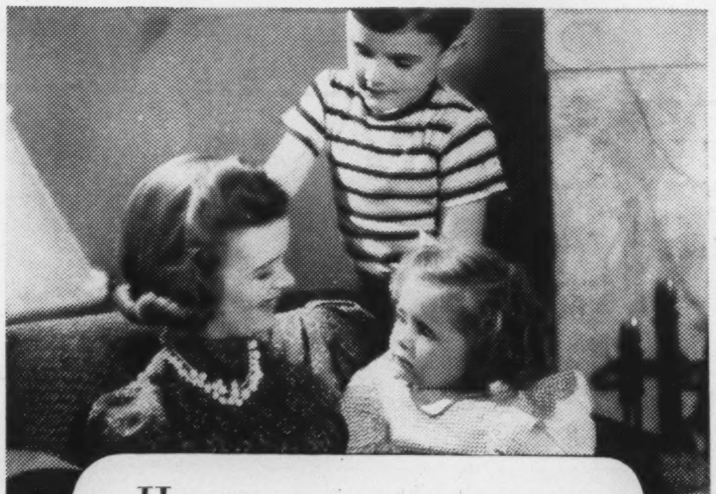

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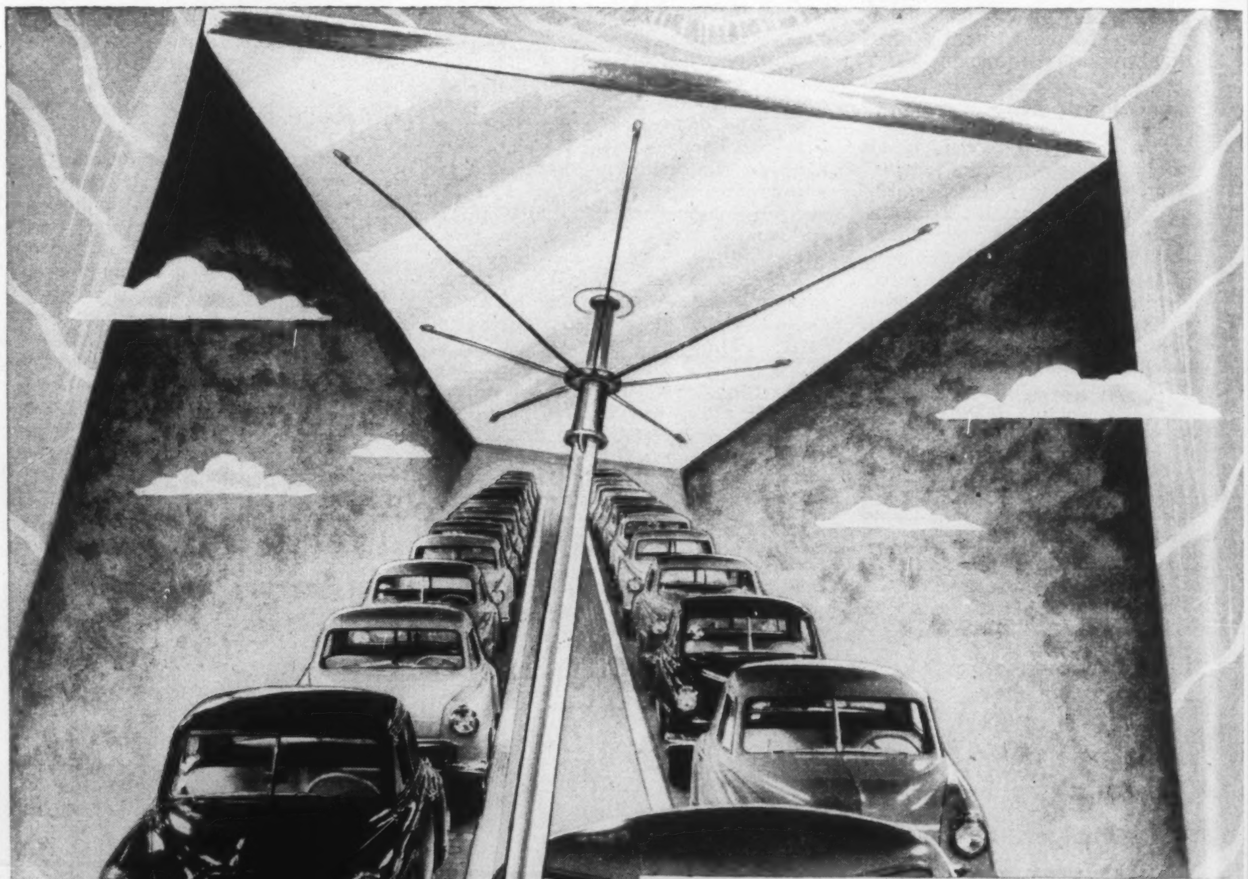

Studebaker's new Hamilton plant. Thousands of square feet of special heat and glare-reducing glass protects workers inside from sun-glare and heat. Note clean, attractive exterior!

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Communism Branded Menace To Peace And Security

By NORMAN S. DOWD

Last week the Canadian Congress of Labor met in Toronto to lay down a positive program of action and to denounce Communism as dangerous to world peace and security. The executive secretary of the Congress, Norman S. Dowd, reports on the business of the annual meeting.

He emphasizes the determination of the Congress to eliminate Communist influence, and outlines labor's wider participation in the Canadian economy.

CANADA was unusually labor-conscious last week. In Toronto the Canadian Congress of Labor held one of the largest conventions in the history of the Dominion, while an almost equally large convention was held concurrently in Victoria by the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada. These two great national labor organizations represent nearly 800,000 Canadian workers, and it was evident from the headlines and the editorials in the newspapers, from the amount of space given to reports of the conventions, that there was deep and widespread public interest in what labor was thinking, and what its plans and activities might mean to the welfare of the nation and the people.

This article deals specifically with the eighth convention of the Canadian Congress of Labor. That organization was formed in 1940 through the merger of a group of purely Canadian unions with the Canadian branches of the international unions which had left the American Federation of Labor and formed the Congress of Industrial Organizations. Beginning with less than 100,000 workers, in the coal mining, steel, automobile, clothing, railway, rubber, packinghouse and other industries, it has now attained a membership nearly four times as large, with a wide national coverage of provincial federations, district councils, and affiliated and chartered unions. These groups sent a total of 848 delegates to last week's convention, packing the convention hall from the platform to the rear wall.

The business of the convention was twofold—to lay down a positive program for organization, and for legislative and political action, and to condemn Communism, both as a philosophy and as a form of totalitarian imperialism which constitutes a most serious menace to the peace and security of the world. As soon as the credentials committee had reported, on Monday afternoon, the first order of business taken up was the suspension of the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers from affiliation with the Congress.

Without Foundation

This union had published in its official journal of July 19 an article written by its Canadian correspondent, an alleged Communist. It repeated a news item to the effect that President A. R. Mosher and other officers of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees and other Transport Workers had offered to accept a wage-settlement at a lower rate than that requested by other railway labor unions — an almost unpardonable procedure in an industrial dispute. Not only was the story absolutely without foundation, but the writer embellished it with offensive and malicious comment, referring to Mr. Millard, Canadian director of the United Steelworkers of America, as "Mosher's side-kick," and to both as "machine-made" leaders.

The Brotherhood at once laid charges against the international union, and, as no apology or retraction of the article was published, the Executive Council of the Congress, at a meeting on August 24 suspended the union. An appeal was made for reinstatement, and after hearing both sides, the convention voted to sustain the suspension until proper retraction and suitable amends had been made. The union's case was placed before the convention by its president, John Clark, of Chicago, and secretary-treasurer Pat Conroy represented the Congress. Mr. Clark read a statement in which he admitted that the article was "erroneous in content and malicious in implication." The writer had been discharged, and the union was prepared to publish the statement as a full apology to the unions and individuals aggrieved.

Vicious Attacks

Mr. Conroy pointed out that the article on which the charges were based was simply the culmination of a series of vicious attacks made in Communist publications upon union leaders in critical stages of wage negotiations, with a view to undermining them and discrediting them with their membership. Such lying and slanderous attacks were indefensible, and the Congress was determined to stop them, but if an acceptable retraction were published, consideration would be given to the appeal for reaffiliation of the union.

The vote on the appeal divided the convention into two fairly distinct groups, the huge majority supporting the administration and showing definitely anti-Communist sentiments, and a small but well-disciplined group made up of admitted Communists and fellow-travellers. It also set the tone and spirit of the convention to a marked degree, as the Communist clique carried on obstructionist tactics, strongly opposing administration policies with regard to nearly every subject which came before the convention for discussion.

In his presidential address, Mr. Mosher spoke out with vigor and earnestness against Communism. He said: "The denial of fundamental human freedoms by Communist nations, the ruthless and brutal use of police power, the deliberate lying which appears to be an element of the state philosophy, the unscrupulous seizure of power in neighboring countries, and the maintenance of a huge network of spies and traitors in almost every country in the world, have everywhere aroused fear and suspicion and ill-will . . . Nothing that can be done in Canada and in the other democratic countries to awaken the people to the menace of Communism should be overlooked, and the labor unions particularly should free themselves from Communist leadership, realizing that Communists are loyal in the first instance to Russia rather than to their own countries, and that in the case of war they will form centres of treason and sabotage."

Mr. Mosher outlined the tasks and objectives of the labor movement, in the fields of organization, research, education, and political action, and the work which the Canadian Congress of Labor was doing, with a view to "building upon the achievements of the past a fairer future for the workers and for the world." He noted that a considerable number of the workers and the people of Canada had already shown their preference for the C.C.F. as the political instrument which they believe is the most likely to bring about the social and economic reforms which they desire, and stated his belief that the C.C.F. would come to power in the comparatively near future.

The Year's Activities

The Executive Council reported on the year's activities, including representations made to the government on such matters as a national labor code, the restoration of price-control, unemployment insurance, housing, civil rights, and immigration. The Council had objected to a number of the provisions of Bill 195, dealing with the conciliation of disputes, and had submitted to the House of Commons committee on industrial relations a draft code outlining the kind of legislation Labor desired. Supple-

(*Continued on Page 20*)

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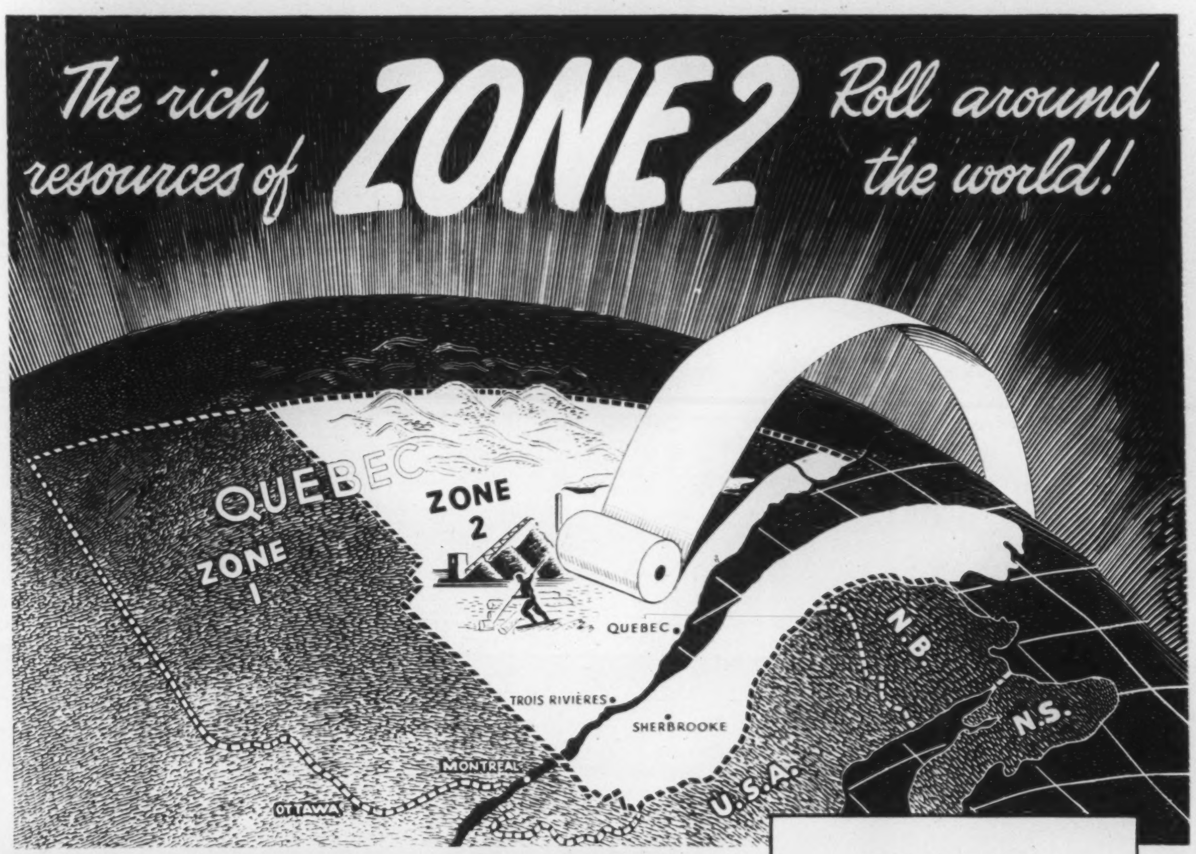

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LE SOEIL
L'Evènement-Journal
Québec

Le Nouvelliste
Trois-Rivières

LA TRIBUNE
Sherbrooke

(Continued from Page 19)

mentary reports from the departments of research and public relations, and the Congress committee on education, were also presented, together with a report by secretary-treasurer Conroy on the meeting of the executive committee of the World Federation of Trade Unions, with which the Canadian Congress of Labor is affiliated. Mr. Conroy found that the same atmosphere of suspicion and distrust which prevailed in the United Nations as a result of Russia's attitude toward the non-Communist countries pervaded the world trade union body. It was evident that the delegates of the Communist-controlled nations did not enjoy freedom of speech. They dared not criticize their governments, but united in a chorus of glorification, claiming that Utopia had been reached, all of which seemed to Mr. Conroy to be sheer nonsense.

The recent banning of alleged communists from entry into the United States gave special significance to a brief resolution with a rather satiric touch. It read: "Resolved that the Canadian Congress of Labor calls for the immediate free entry of persons on legitimate trade union business to all countries, including the United States and the Soviet Union." It was adopted with a minimum of debate. The Congress executive was urged to take up again with the government the question of price-controls and subsidies, and endeavor to mobilize public opinion in support of such measures to stop rising prices. The housing situation was referred to as a "national disgrace in a country having the materials and potentialities of Canada." A maximum eight-hour day and forty-hour week were endorsed, as well as a minimum of two weeks' vacation with pay.

An emergency resolution dealing with the breaking away of the British Columbia District No. 1, of the International Woodworkers of America, from the parent body, as a result of alleged Communist control of the District, caused heated debate by partisans of both groups. The convention flatly denounced the disrupters, and recommended that the local unions in the area retain affiliation directly with the international union. The attacks of an A.F. of L. textile workers' union, with the apparent support of Communist publications, upon the Textile Workers' Union of America, a Congress affiliate, also aroused strong denunciation, and the convention pledged support to the organizing campaign which the T.W.U.A. was carrying on in the industry.

Political Action

Perhaps the most significant resolution of all at the convention, however, was one dealing with political action, and support of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. The policy of endorsing the C.C.F. was adopted at the Montreal convention in 1943, and has been re-affirmed at each subsequent convention, but interest in the question of political action has been intensified by the recent successes of the C.C.F. in three federal by-elections, the increase in the number of C.C.F. members of the Ontario legislature from eight to twenty-one, and the re-election of the C.C.F. government in Saskatchewan. The resolution reviewed the record of the federal government with respect to price-control, a labor code, and the disallowance of the P.E.I. anti-labor legislation, and referred to the likelihood of a federal election within the coming year. It therefore urged the adoption of an effective program of political action throughout the Dominion, with a view to implementing the Congress policy of supporting the C.C.F., and electing the largest possible number of C.C.F. members to the next Parliament, as well as to the provincial legislatures. The "opposition" group wanted to add "or other farmer or labor candidates" to those who should be supported, but this amendment was rejected.

The only notable amendment to the constitution of the Congress was the addition of one vice-president and two members to the executive committee. This committee now consists of president, A. R. Mosher; three vice-presidents, A. McAuslane, of Vancouver; S. Spivak, Toronto, and C. H. Millard, Toronto; secretary-treasurer Pat Conroy, and Sam Baron, Montreal; Silby Barrett, Toronto; George Burt, Windsor, Fred Dowling, Toronto; Freeman Jenkins, Sydney; J. McGuire, Ottawa, and T. Prezeau, Montreal. (In addition to this committee, which is elected at conventions, the executive council of the Congress includes a representative of each of the affiliated unions, elected by the unions themselves. Thus the elective and appointive principle is applied to the government of the Congress between conventions.)

Reassurance

Labor is often subjected to criticism by those who, seeing its growing strength and influence, are afraid of the effect it will have on the institutions which form the structure of society. The labor movement is made up of human beings, and they have made and will continue to make mistakes, but a visitor to the Canadian Congress of Labor Convention last week would have undoubtedly found much to reassure him in the attitude of a very large proportion of the delegates toward the problems which vex mankind at the present time. He would have been amazed to find so many men and women workers from every province of Canada and from Newfoundland, who were well informed, thoughtful, and capable of expressing their opinions in a realistic and objective manner. The range of their interests was broad and comprehensive, and there was evident throughout the discussion of many important matters a sense of responsibility as well as of power, a deep desire to win and retain the respect and the cooperation of the people as a whole, so that all might go forward together. They were Canadians first, but also world-citizens in their outlook and their sympathies; they knew what they wanted, and they were eager to take even a few steps nearer to their goal of a world in which all men might live in security and peace.

"Years Ago", comedy by Ruth Gordon, will be presented by the University Alumnae Dramatic Club in Hart House Theatre Nov. 1-3. The Club won the Central Ontario Regional Drama Festival last spring with the first act of this play. Shown above are Barbara Allen, Elizabeth Rand, Beatrice Ramsay, Christina Templeton and Alex McKee.

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THE MELTING POT

Journey To New York

By J. N. HARRIS

Montreal.

BEING an account of certain journeys of exploration in the Island of Manhattan, in an area bounded by Second Avenue on the West, Eighth Avenue on the East, Washington Square on the South and the top of Central Park. My quest was to find out how fabulous New York really is.

With this thought in mind I visited cartoonists in their studios and haunts, radio script writers in their offices, Greenwich Village in its tawdry commercial twilight, and a couple of newspaper offices.

I found only one fabulous industry or occupation, and that is the receptionist business. At one large agency, which superficially could have served as the model for "The Hucksters" (but didn't) I found a receptionist who undoubtedly serves as the model for the haunted-house witch in Charles Addams' *New Yorker* cartoons. She sat in isolated splendor in the middle of a vast reception room, severely furnished at enormous cost, behind an enormous table suitable for dissections or gaming.

The good lady looked a bit like Lucrezia Borgia with a toothache, and one could easily imagine that the little inkwells in front of her contained each a different type of deadly and quite undetectable poison. Around the periphery of the room were chairs, where cringing salesmen and media representatives sat transfixed by the lady's glazed eye, waiting for their appointments with Mr. Glubholtz.

Just to add to the picture, the receptionist busied herself from time to time with a graceful, delicate stiletto, with which she opened letters, and now and then manicured her nails. Only when a jet-propelled Vice President passed through did a sign of animation appear on her features, and this was but the ghost of a thin, sycophantic smile.

The other offices in the suite weren't so hot.

They had linoleum floors and cuspidors and typewriters, and people worked in them, pretty hard too. The same went for every office and studio where people were actually producing anything.

Over beyond Third Avenue I found a group of cartoonists at work in a reasonably drab studio. They were turning out everything from gag cartoons for the big magazines to comic books. I even recognized, on the drawing-boards, some of the comic books that are smuggled into my own home, and a mad impulse to end all this at the source nearly overcame me, but I just managed to control it. When cartooning gets too grim, these men walk over to Danny O'Connors' Inkwell, on Third Avenue, under New York's last surviving El, and talk about cartooning.

PERHAPS you have wondered about these people who produce soap operas, comic books and other abominations emerging from the Manhattan assembly line: Do they like what they're doing? The answer I got was generally No. Most of them place a very low value on soap operas etc., in the artistic line, but are keenly alive to the commercial possibilities of any given piece of tripe. They make good money, they spend it all, and although they now and then express a desire to do "serious" work, they don't think it's possible—it wouldn't pay.

The cynical attitude to the occupation that provides bread, butter, baby sturgeon, marinated herring and bourbon is not, however, universal. I was privileged to hear part of the recording of a radio drama, tense, gripping, and delivered in that meaning-fraught voice that elocution teachers used to strive for. The producer of the show sat listening, gripping his forehead and sometimes convulsed by waves of emotion. Now and then he mentioned the name of Our Lord, when a particularly moving line was delivered. This man was to be envied. He had no quarrel with his medium of expression.

Just to see if, anywhere, the spirit of *ars gratia artis* was still alive, I paid the new eleven-cent fare on a Fifth Avenue bus and rode down to Washington Square, to have a look at Greenwich Village. On the way down I read an article on the Village by Albert Parry, a resident in the days of Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay *et al.* He proved a reliable guide.

The true Bohemianism is gone; that consisted in men and women living in dire poverty because they preferred to do their own work, however unlucrative, to earning a living in an office or shop. Their hair grew long because they couldn't afford haircuts, and they huddled together in a group because of mutual interests.

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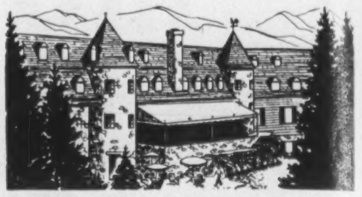

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PORTS OF CALL

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By DON STAIRS

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THE MELTING POT

Journey To New York

By J. N. HARRIS

Montreal.

BEING an account of certain journeys of exploration in the Island of Manhattan, in an area bounded by Second Avenue on the West, Eighth Avenue on the East, Washington Square on the South and the top of Central Park. My quest was to find out how fabulous New York really is.

With this thought in mind I visited cartoonists in their studios and haunts, radio script writers in their offices, Greenwich Village in its tawdry commercial twilight, and a couple of newspaper offices.

I found only one fabulous industry or occupation, and that is the receptionist business. At one large agency, which superficially could have served as the model for "The Hucksters" (but didn't) I found a receptionist who undoubtedly serves as the model for the haunted-house witch in Charles Addams' *New Yorker* cartoons. She sat in isolated splendor in the middle of a vast reception room, severely furnished at enormous cost, behind an enormous table suitable for dissections or gaming.

The good lady looked a bit like Lucrezia Borgia with a toothache, and one could easily imagine that the little inkwells in front of her contained each a different type of deadly and quite undetectable poison. Around the periphery of the room were chairs, where cringing salesmen and media representatives sat transfixed by the lady's glazed eye, waiting for their appointments with Mr. Glubholtz.

Just to add to the picture, the receptionist busied herself from time to time with a graceful, delicate stiletto, with which she opened letters, and now and then manicured her nails. Only when a jet-propelled Vice President passed through did a sign of animation appear on her features, and this was but the ghost of a thin, sycophantic smile.

The other offices in the suite weren't so hot.

They had linoleum floors and cuspidors and typewriters, and people worked in them, pretty hard too. The same went for every office and studio where people were actually producing anything.

Over beyond Third Avenue I found a group of cartoonists at work in a reasonably drab studio. They were turning out everything from gag cartoons for the big magazines to comic books. I even recognized, on the drawing-boards, some of the comic books that are smuggled into my own home, and a mad impulse to end all this at the source nearly overcame me, but I just managed to control it. When cartooning gets too grim, these men walk over to Danny O'Connors' Inkwell, on Third Avenue, under New York's last surviving El, and talk about cartooning.

PERHAPS you have wondered about these people who produce soap operas, comic books and other abominations emerging from the Manhattan assembly line: Do they like what they're doing? The answer I got was generally No. Most of them place a very low value on soap operas etc., in the artistic line, but are keenly alive to the commercial possibilities of any given piece of tripe. They make good money, they spend it all, and although they now and then express a desire to do "serious" work, they don't think it's possible—it wouldn't pay.

The cynical attitude to the occupation that provides bread, butter, baby sturgeon, marinated herring and bourbon is not, however, universal. I was privileged to hear part of the recording of a radio drama, tense, gripping, and delivered in that meaning-fraught voice that elocution teachers used to strive for. The producer of the show sat listening, gripping his forehead and sometimes convulsed by waves of emotion. Now and then he mentioned the name of Our Lord, when a particularly moving line was delivered. This man was to be envied. He had no quarrel with his medium of expression.

Just to see if, anywhere, the spirit of *ars gratia artis* was still alive, I paid the new eleven-cent fare on a Fifth Avenue bus and rode down to Washington Square, to have a look at Greenwich Village. On the way down I read an article on the Village by Albert Parry, a resident in the days of Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay *et al.* He proved a reliable guide.

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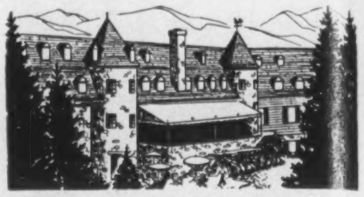

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THE MELTING POT

Journey To New York

By J. N. HARRIS

Montreal.

BEING an account of certain journeys of exploration in the Island of Manhattan, in an area bounded by Second Avenue on the West, Eighth Avenue on the East, Washington Square on the South and the top of Central Park. My quest was to find out how fabulous New York really is.

With this thought in mind I visited cartoonists in their studios and haunts, radio script writers in their offices, Greenwich Village in its tawdry commercial twilight, and a couple of newspaper offices.

I found only one fabulous industry or occupation, and that is the receptionist business. At one large agency, which superficially could have served as the model for "The Hucksters" (but didn't) I found a receptionist who undoubtedly serves as the model for the haunted-house witch in Charles Addams' *New Yorker* cartoons. She sat in isolated splendor in the middle of a vast reception room, severely furnished at enormous cost, behind an enormous table suitable for dissections or gaming.

The good lady looked a bit like Lucrezia Borgia with a toothache, and one could easily imagine that the little inkwells in front of her contained each a different type of deadly and quite undetectable poison. Around the periphery of the room were chairs, where cringing salesmen and media representatives sat transfixed by the lady's glazed eye, waiting for their appointments with Mr. Glubholtz.

Just to add to the picture, the receptionist busied herself from time to time with a graceful, delicate stiletto, with which she opened letters, and now and then manicured her nails. Only when a jet-propelled Vice President passed through did a sign of animation appear on her features, and this was but the ghost of a thin, sycophantic smile.

The other offices in the suite weren't so hot.

They had linoleum floors and cuspidors and typewriters, and people worked in them, pretty hard too. The same went for every office and studio where people were actually producing anything.

Over beyond Third Avenue I found a group of cartoonists at work in a reasonably drab studio. They were turning out everything from gag cartoons for the big magazines to comic books. I even recognized, on the drawing-boards, some of the comic books that are smuggled into my own home, and a mad impulse to end all this at the source nearly overcame me, but I just managed to control it. When cartooning gets too grim, these men walk over to Danny O'Connors' Inkwell, on Third Avenue, under New York's last surviving El, and talk about cartooning.

PERHAPS you have wondered about these people who produce soap operas, comic books and other abominations emerging from the Manhattan assembly line. Do they like what they're doing? The answer I got was generally No. Most of them place a very low value on soap operas etc., in the artistic line, but are keenly alive to the commercial possibilities of any given piece of tripe. They make good money, they spend it all, and although they now and then express a desire to do "serious" work, they don't think it's possible—it wouldn't pay.

The cynical attitude to the occupation that provides bread, butter, baby sturgeon, marinated herring and bourbon is not, however, universal. I was privileged to hear part of the recording of a radio drama, tense, gripping, and delivered in that meaning-fraught voice that elocution teachers used to strive for. The producer of the show sat listening, gripping his forehead and sometimes convulsed by waves of emotion. Now and then he mentioned the name of Our Lord, when a particularly moving line was delivered. This man was to be envied. He had no quarrel with his medium of expression.

Just to see if, anywhere, the spirit of *ars gratia artis* was still alive, I paid the new eleven-cent fare on a Fifth Avenue bus and rode down to Washington Square, to have a look at Greenwich Village. On the way down I read an article on the Village by Albert Parry, a resident in the days of Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay *et al.* He proved a reliable guide.

The true Bohemianism is gone; that consisted in men and women living in dire poverty because they preferred to do their own work, however unlucrative, to earning a living in an office or shop. Their hair grew long because they couldn't afford haircuts, and they huddled together in a group because of mutual interests.

Now the sides of Washington Square are plastered with outdoor exhibitions of paintings: still lifes that could have come off any chocolate box, landscapes and seascapes like the paintings in the Queen's Hotel of any Ontario small town, and timid attempts at the Dali sort of thing. The artists are not there because they have bold, original ideas that have not yet gained any public acceptance; they are there because the Village is a good place to sell junk to Iowa farmers on vacation. Neon signs and frantic advertising plug the advantages, commercial, of Greenwich Village, and every cafe and tavern boasts blatantly about the great names that once frequented the district.

Mr. Robertson Davies, I concluded, has something when he advises Canadians to stay at home, particularly if they are interested in any sort of artistic achievement. In New York there are certainly plenty of fat green dollars to be picked up, only to get them requires concentration on that object to the exclusion of all else.

For amusement I strongly recommend two places to those who don't want to impair our dollar balance with the U.S.A. The first is the Museum of Modern Art, admission 35 cents, where old films are shown twice daily for no extra charge. There I saw Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid," which I last saw when I was eight, and I realized wherein Jackie Coogan was better than current child film actors: he had no piping voice in which to lisp sophisticated speeches. Also shown was a 1918 Chaplin solo called "One A.M." In all, I think, there were seven captions, none more than a dozen words in length.

The other dollar-saving amusement is, of course, the Radio City Music Hall, which ought to be used more to illustrate the advantages of what is, unfortunately, nowadays referred to as Free Enterprise. Never have tycoons gone to such fantastic lengths to coax a simple buck out of the customer's pocket. They give you a film—in this case "Good Sam," which requires a special brand of vitriol, and will, I hope, catch it proper in Film Parade—a vaudeville show, a symphony orchestra popping up through the floor, a chunk of "Rigoletto," and the Rockettes. You're almost bound to like something.

Oh, another thing: that renowned headline from *Variety* which is generally rendered as HIX NIX PIX is stuck in the window of Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway, and it actually reads STICKS NIX HICK PIX. It dates back to June 1935. That piece of research alone was worth the trip.

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A Journey To A Glass-Built Town To Bask In History And Beauty

By DON STAIRS

SANDWICH — The Town That Glass Built — by Harriet Buxton Barbour —*Allen*—*$5.50*.

SANDWICH, as every visitor to Cape Cod should know, is one of New England's loveliest old communities. Fortunately, the residential section has been spared by the main Cape highway over which race and sputter innumerable thousands of motor cars, to and from this huge American summer playground.

While many Canadians may be acquainted with the lure of Cape Cod, probably few know about a triple-century relic of two thousand souls which was the cradle of the "Early American" glass industry and which also saw its demise. Until Miss Barbour's book appeared, there had been no authentic, connected account of the life of a town during which there rose and fell an enterprise which has provided private collectors and museums with some of this continent's loveliest glassware.

When the book review editor—an incautious fellow, bless his heart—tendered this newest volume on the origins of Sandwich glass to this reporter, he was entirely unaware of the latter's impulsive and vagabond habits and love of "old glass". The editor was soon informed that this was a narrative that required something more than a cursory reading. As enthusiasm mounted, it seemed that nothing short of an immediate personal visit to Sandwich was required, plus an interview with the author, plus adequate time to be spent in quiet contemplation of the town's pastoral beauty, to say nothing of the necessity for an extensive sampling of the Cape's incomparable seafood. Before the editor could blink an eye this itinerant scribbler and the lady of the house had packed their bags, gassed up the family car and were speeding eastward.

Charming Fossil

Three days later we sat on one of the lichen covered marble slabs in the "Old Burying Place" which flanks "the town that glass built". Mirrored in the little lake which separates the town from this final resting place of the bones of its pioneers, was the Wren-designed spire that tops the town's 125-year-old Congregational meeting place. In the brilliant September sunshine, we tried to visualize the scenes conjured by the author as we turned the pages of her book and savored its moving story.

We had previously paid our respects to this pioneer community even before what finally remained of the old glass factory had been torn down and of which there now remains no trace. The Cape has since been laced with automobile highways that attract to it summer pleasure seekers from all states of the union and Canada. As we mused over the town's earliest activities, there, to attest to the community's antiquity, at our feet was a headstone, the original of which had been placed in 1685. Later, in the heart of Sandwich itself, we rambled over an old house that had been built in 1693. But the period with which Miss Barbour deals was that of 1824-1888 during which there lived and died a wonderful age in glass, a most remarkable business and an interesting village that grew into a town. In these 65 years, as the author remarks, an "industrial revolution had surged in upon a town that was, in its immemorial way, a living organization and had ebbed, leaving only a charming fossil".

The fascination of this simple and charming narrative is that while it approaches history from an industrial standpoint, it has to do largely with a man—the glassmaker, Deming Jarves—his associates and his hundreds of employees. Jarves' passion for innovation, improvement and progress in the art of making glass, first by hand and then by machine, has gladdened the hearts of collectors who cherish the beauty of color and shape that he wrought into the products of those days.

In his thirties he had acquired an inheritance of about twenty-five thousand dollars. He had a natural liking for the glass business when it was in its early stages. The common people of the time drank from wooden or pewter mugs and only the gentry had glass on the tables. Jarves made it his first ambition to fulfil the utilitarian requirements of his market.

His selection of Sandwich as the site for the new industrial community was based on the availability of larger tracts of pine to furnish fuel, thousands of acres of sand at his front door on the shores of the Atlantic and cheap and easy water transportation which later spread his glassware all over the world.

It was on April 19th, 1825 when the first spade of earth was turned to bring the new plant into being. On July 4th—"the glorious fourth"—the first glass was blown. But "if the trial blob of yellowish glass had been doubtful, the finished article was hopeless. It was a stunning blow to him to find that the tempting value of all that fine and shining sand had been only a mirage." He readily rectified his first mischance, however, and September saw him launching the business with a small and very soberly stated advertisement.

The development of the story from that point by Miss Barbour is a romance of industry and of social and community ways. The author weaves into her narrative a sense of reality regarding the social, economic and political relationships that developed until all the events of six decades conspired to bring about the close of this 19th century project. The reader learns of the day by day conditions under which this utilitarian and ornamental glassware was turned out, later to become museum specimens and priceless art items. Henry Ford I, for instance, was reputed to have sent a buyer to Sandwich, who after one glance at the complete contents of an antique shop, ordered the lot to be packed up to be sent to the Greenfield Village Museum at Dearborn, Michigan.

A committee of seven of Sandwich's citizens today administer a minuscule museum which houses some choice specimens of the town's early glass makers' craft. Here are to be found the glowing jewel-like colors and tones which are the result of recipes that represented patient hours of trial on the part of Jarves' skilled "gaffers". These mechanics were responsible for evolving the mixture of sand and chemicals later transformed by intense heat into the finished product of the "blower's" skill and handicraft.

Legend has it that as these gaffers died off, their secret recipes died with them and no longer can many of the luminescent colors be reproduced. These men were the aristocrats of the trade, received the top pay of the time, $17.00 per week, and helped largely to sustain the five saloons which served the community of about four thousand souls.

Author In Person

The author of "Sandwich," Miss Barbour, was located one sunny September afternoon in her home in South Dennis which is the geographical centre of the Cape. She and her family now live in what was once the village doctor's dwelling place.

It had been her ambition for years to write just such a book and she accordingly spent many years collecting stories from a number of the very men and women who wrought the Sandwich glass. Additionally, she remarked that it took her about four years to put her material together, much of it, of course, derived also from research and library sources. It is a tribute to the author's pertinacity for she is confined to a wheelchair as a result of early infantile paralysis. This volume, therefore, is a most notable achievement considering a physical handicap. But she is a practised writer and the flowing narrative style of her volume will enchant readers who have grown to love the Cape, its people, its history and especially the town of Sandwich. On the sunny September days that we spent roaming its by-ways we found that it still glowed with the charm and the quaintness of its earlier days.

The Cape, of course, has much to recommend it other than historic Sandwich. Its excellent motor roads, innumerable inns, summer homes and cottages and especially its variety of seafood, attract too many visitors for comfort in the summer months of July and August. So the months of June or September are recommended. In June the Cape abounds with its luscious strawberries. In September its cranberry bogs provide an appetizing cocktail for a seafood dinner. Its lobster, clams and other seafood are without rival.

In autumn the highways leading to the Cape will find nature applying her color in pastel shades. Later, the countryside will be all aglow with bolder tints. Make Miss Barbour's book your travelling companion.

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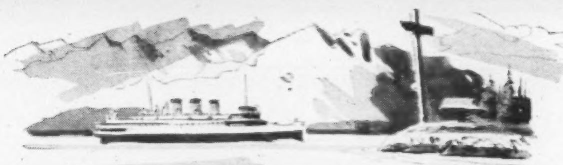

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THE BOOKSHELF
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Vogt Sees Only Starvation Ahead But Bromfield Keeps On Farming

By HARRY BOYLE

ROAD TO SURVIVAL — by William Vogt — McLeod — *$4.75.*

MALABAR FARM — by Louis Bromfield *Musson — $4.00.*

THE stewardess asked us to fasten our seat belts. It was a brilliant and apparently clear day over the prairies. The man next to me pointed downwards and there in the rays of the setting sun was one of the most awe-inspiring sights I have ever seen. Fiery, red clouds were boiling up like some gigantic cauldron of hell. The man who pointed it out to me shook his head as the plane began to buck.

"There my friend," he said sadly, "goes a fair share of southern Alberta."

This dust storm over Lethbridge was a sight I shall never forget. It also was probably the most costly spectacle I could possibly have witnessed. Thousands of acres of topsoil, the rich and fertile land which is needed for the production of food, were whirling about in the wind, highlighted by the glancing rays of the sun.

That scene came to mind as I read "Road To Survival" by William Vogt, especially when he quoted Dr. Hugh Bennett of the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. "In the short life of the United States we have essentially destroyed 282,000,000 acres of arable land, crop and rangeland. Erosion is destructively active on 775,000,000 additional acres. About 100,000,000 acres of cropland, much of it representing the best cropland we have is finished in this country. We cannot restore it. It takes nature from 300 to 1,000 years or more to bring back a single inch of topsoil and we sometimes lose that much topsoil as the result of a single rain."

The War Setback

Bennett, when I knew him before the war, was winning a battle, in his efforts to make Americans, and Canadians for that matter, realize that in squandering the soil they were squandering the only true resource. The war, with its demands for increased production gave his work a tremendous setback.

Vogt, on the other hand, as Chief of the Pan-American Union's Conservation Section is a gloomy prophet and he goes back for a part of his inspiration to 1798, when the Reverend Thomas Robert Malthus predicted starvation on a world scale because population was increasing on a world scale, faster than the food supply. Few paid attention to Malthus who spoke at a time when the Empire was opening up and a bounty was beginning to flow. Vogt speaks at a time when the population of the world is increasing at a rate up to two million a month, and when we realize that millions in the world are born, live and die without ever having one completely satisfactory meal.

Vogt, like Malthus, is an advocate of checking the increase of population by delayed marriage, continence and contraceptives. This is a theory for hot debate. There can be no denying the case which he builds up against man for his plundering of the true resources of the world. He is pleading in fact for intelligent and high-minded leadership as apart from partisan self interest.

California and Dust

Vogt has some harsh words for free enterprise which, unchecked, has been allowed to plunder natural resources. In other words, farmers who collected crops of wheat and went to California to enjoy the profits, must take a certain responsibility for the spectacle of a dust storm.

Life, proponent of the theory that "all's right with a world dominated by American enterprise", has deigned to pooh-pooh Vogt as being a "make-their-flesh-creep" sort of scientist. In a sense he may be, but he does it in an interesting and arresting fashion. Erskine Caldwell did the same thing in Tobacco Road and *Life* now says, "Flying over Georgia, for example, the open-eyed traveller must be impressed by the fact that farmers, even in the land of the Tobacco Roaders, have taken to contour plowing with an almost universal passion." This seems to be a refutation of Vogt. *Life*, in quoting the example may be denying its own statement.

On a completely unscientific basis, and colored at times by the senses of the novelist and author, Louis Bromfield in "Malabar Farm," bears out a lot of the truth expressed by Vogt.

Bromfield has matured in terms of agricultural knowledge since he wrote "Pleasant Valley." A lot of the nostalgia has been replaced by every day facts. Readers, who keep in mind that Bromfield is a successful and wealthy author, will enjoy the book without encouraging the normal delusion that all you have to do is get a farm and then live in Utopian splendor. The financial resources at the author's disposal have been in many cases the key to success in reclaiming a good part of the land around him.

There is a natural quality of enthusiasm in the book which sweeps you along. Bromfield jumps from one topic to another as if breathlessly experiencing new thrills every minute. You are aware that the author is learning day by day, and that he is taking you into his confidence. At the same time his own feeling that the earth as a true natural resource must be treated better or else we perish, is being strengthened.

Forget for a moment the theory of population limitation and take the grave and ponderous truths as expounded by Vogt in regard to the normal cycles of nature. You will find an interesting and dramatic illustration of them in "Malabar Farm" when Bromfield describes how he made a useful farm pond from a useless marsh.

Bromfield is groping on a lesser scale for something which he realizes exists in the natural cycle of farming. Vogt, as scientist and economist, tackles the same problem but on a world wide basis. While you may disagree with his suggested remedies you cannot deny his facts.

In "Malabar Farm," Bromfield says, "He is a foolish man who sets himself, in ignorance or defiance, in opposition to the laws of nature for in the end he will be defeated and crushed."

In "Road To Survival", Vogt hits harder and says that mankind as a whole is blind and foolish for ignoring the facts and continuing to plunder natural resources because there can be nothing but mass disaster in store as a result of such actions.

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THE BOOKSHELF

'Brave New World' Merrily to Hell Now Same Without Merriment

By J. L. CHARLESWORTH

APE AND ESSENCE—by Aldous Huxley —Clarke, Irwin—$2.75.

IT IS not without significance that, while Aldous Huxley took the title for his previous essay in prophecy, "Brave New World," from one of Shakespeare's happiest plays, "The Tempest," the reference in the present work of the same type comes from "Measure for Measure," a play of Shakespeare's period of disillusionment and cynicism. One Shakespearean scholar, Edmund K. Chambers, wrote of the latter play as one "in which the searchlight of irony is thrown upon the paths of Providence itself," and the same comment might fairly be passed upon the Huxley fantasy.

Except for the title, it is not of Shakespeare that the reader is reminded, but of Dean Swift in his most satirical, savage and scatological mood. In "Brave New World" Huxley poked fun at the myth of Progress and our dreams of a better world. "Ape and Essence" has the same wit and ironic brilliance that informed the earlier work, but the fun is missing. Its sparkle does not hide the fact that Huxley is in deadly earnest, with serious doubts about whether civilization can survive on this earth.

Except New Zealand

After an explanatory prologue in present-day Hollywood, the story takes the form of a rejected movie scenario, of which the scene is laid in the same place in 2108 A.D. Civilization on this continent and in most of the known world has been destroyed about a century earlier by the Third World War, except in New Zealand which was too remote to be worth conquering. New Zealand, however, has remained isolated for the intervening hundred years because of the dangers of radioactivity everywhere else.

The main action of the scenario opens with the landing of the New Zealand Rediscovery Expedition to North America. The assorted scientists who compose it have come by sailing ship because of the lack of fueling stations on the way. On landing they find that human life of a sort has survived, for Dr. Poole, a botanist, is taken prisoner by the natives. His life is spared when he promises to show his captors how their food supply can be increased. Thenceforth, his adventures serve as a framework for a picture of the life he finds in Hollywood and Los Angeles of the 22nd Century.

The effects of "The Thing," which is the natives' euphemism for the atomic bombs and other phenomena of total war, have, he finds, been permanent. Radioactive action on human chromosomes has brought about abnormal mutations, that have become hereditary, so that the majority of children born are monstrosities. Society is the logical development of socialism and communism, all members being slaves of the state.

Since "The Thing"

Direction of the state is in the hands of the priests of Belial, for Belial has become the official deity since The Thing. The hierarchy, a body of intelligent and ruthless eunuchs, directs all activities, including the destruction of such children as exceed a permitted norm of monstrosity. The worship of Belial is a parody of Christianity plus an annual Saturnalia when the instincts repressed by priestly law for the remainder of the year are allowed full licence.

Huxley permits one small gleam of hope for humanity to shine through his clouds, but one feels that this is a concession to sentiment rather than to a belief that anything can avert the doom he prophesies if the Third World War is allowed to begin.

On the other hand, it may be that, with intellectual honesty, he is admitting that the logical superstructure he has built upon his selected premises is not the only possible construction that "man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority," may erect. The reader must decide for himself whether Huxley is a seer of visions or a dreamer of nightmares.

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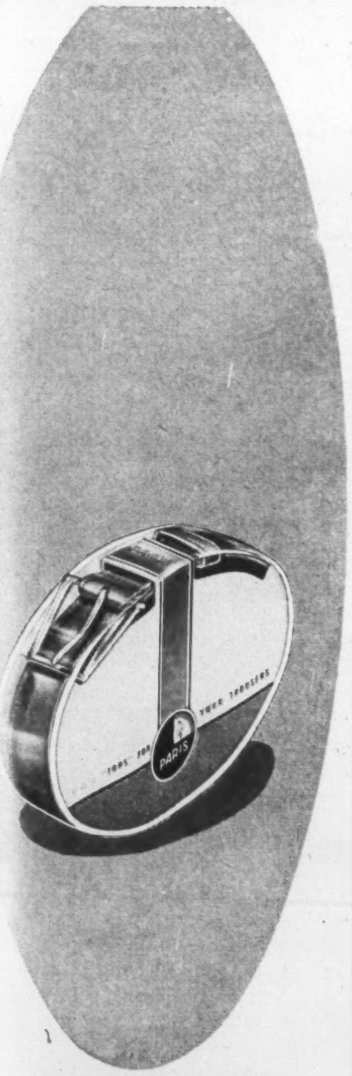
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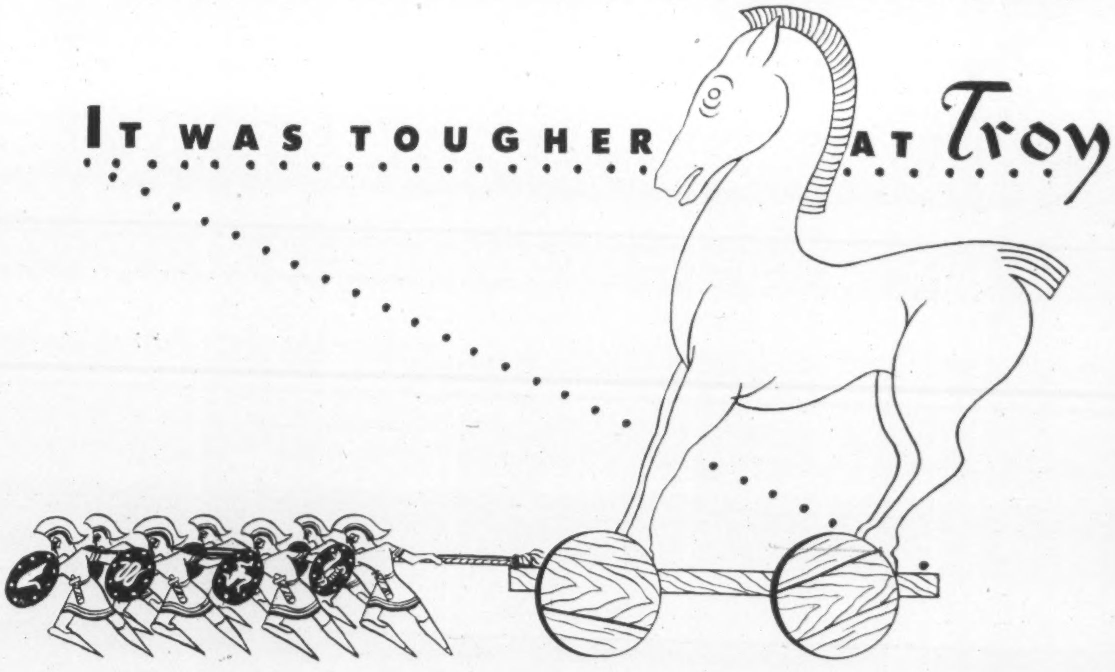
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FILM PARADE

Looking For A Varied Assortment Of Murder, Mystery, Melodrama?

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THERE are moments in Robert Montgomery's latest film when the Montgomery charm, which is highly valid, almost persuades you to believe in the Saxon Charm, which is non-existent. As the charmer of the piece, Matt Saxon, a theatrical producer, deliberately ruins the play of his best dramatist (John Payne) and in his non-professional moments insults waiters, bullies his mistress (Audrey Totter), drives his former wife (Heather Angel) to suicide, and so unnerves the captain of his yacht that the distracted man gets drunk and scuttles the ship. The thesis, and the weakness of "The Saxon Charm," is that the hero, in spite of his atrocious behavior, is still an acceptable and even fascinating Broadway figure. Robert Montgomery's personal triumph is that he almost makes it come off.

The picture is the screen version of a novel by Frederic Wakeman, who seems to have established himself as an authority on American bad manners in public. The hero of "The Saxon Charm" doesn't actually spit on the table, as Sydney Greenstreet did in "The Hucksters," but he does cause almost as much consternation by brushing the crockery to the floor at a restaurant dinner-party. However, the people who have to submit to this sort of impropriety find themselves hopelessly fascinated by Producer Saxon. John Payne, as a student of Molière, sacrifices first his play, then his bank-account, and finally his wife's affections at the demands of his maniacal producer. Audrey Totter works hard at her rueful can't-help-loving-the-big-bum role, (while she doesn't actually make use of this expression she has others that are hardly more appetizing, *e.g.*, "You've been in my hair for years and now I'm combing you out. But good!") By all the rules any of Matt Saxon's victims should have had the wits to comb him out ten minutes after their first introduction to him.

Fortunately for "The Saxon Charm," Robert Montgomery makes his way through this shaky material with a performance almost as agile and sure-footed as ballet. In the end he leaves you feeling that while you would never confide any of your hopes or prospects to Matt Saxon you might conceivably be fool enough to let yourself be taken in by Robert Montgomery.

Susan Hayward has the only really credible role in the film—that of the playwright's wife who simply thinks Producer Saxon detestable. She has no trouble with it at all.

New Hitchcock

Director Alfred Hitchcock seems to have abandoned the type of picture on which he has built his reputation—the film of flight and pursuit, headlong pace and calculated shock. The fact is, however, that while the latest Hitchcock picture, "The Paradine Case," is a better-than-average film it might have been made by any one of a dozen better-than-average directors.

The story, a screen version of a Robert Hichens novel, is about a brilliant and happily married lawyer (Gregory Peck) who becomes involved with a beautiful widow (Valli) accused of poisoning her husband. In his anxiety to free his client the infuriated lawyer goes a long way out of his way to incriminate an innocent man and ends by wrecking both his case and his future career at the bar.

In the past Alfred Hitchcock depended largely for the success of his films on his own directional inventiveness. His present film, however, leans heavily for support on its all-star cast, which includes in addition to the principals, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Charles Laughton and Charles Coburn. It is an impressive group, but unfortunately the film is so richly encumbered by talent and by the special attention that talent demands, that it is unable to move fluidly or compellingly.

In the past, too, Mr. Hitchcock had a brusque way of disposing of the heroine whose beauty or emotions got in the way of action. The lady vanished and the pursuit went on. In "The Paradine Case," however, the camera doesn't pursue. It merely circles, coming to rest for prolonged intervals on the Italian star Valli, whose beauty is beyond dispute but whose ability to help a story along is still open to question.

No doubt Director Hitchcock has his own good reasons for his change in style and pace. But most of his old customers are likely to feel they liked his pictures better when they kept them on the edge of their chair, biting corners out of their ticket stubs.

Reason will tell you that anyone in an empty house with a telephone at her elbow can have the police at her front door in ten minutes. Any excitement therefore that you get out of "Sorry, Wrong Number" is entirely irrational, and it is greatly to the credit of the picture, simply as a horror film, that it is able to shake your nerves even if it doesn't convince your intelligence. This is the screen expansion of the radio playlet about an invalid who, through a faulty telephone connection, overhears a plot revolving about her own murder. The story could hardly be more contrived but tense and skillful direction and a virtuoso performance by Barbara Stanwyck make it seem a lot too real for comfort.

SWIFT REVIEW

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS. Entertaining screen version of the Broadway success about the statue of Venus that came to life at the kiss of a department store decorator. With Ava Gardner, Robert Walker.

LUXURY LINER. Producer Pasternak has loaded his musical to its Plimsoll line with high-priced talent, which makes for fairly heavy going. With Jane Powell, George Brent and assorted singers and performers.

Sir Eric Maclagan, chairman of the Fine Arts Committee of the British Council and former director of London's Victoria and Albert Museum, who is speaking in Canada under the auspices of the National Gallery.

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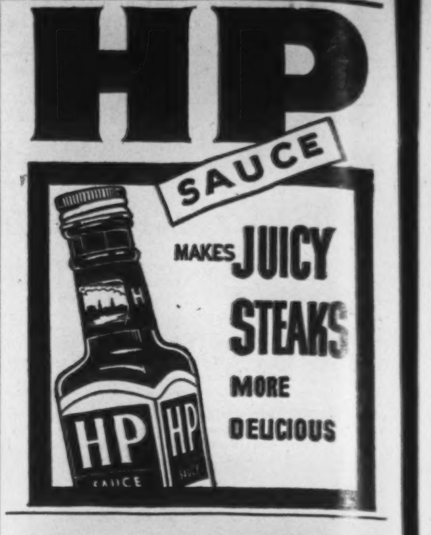

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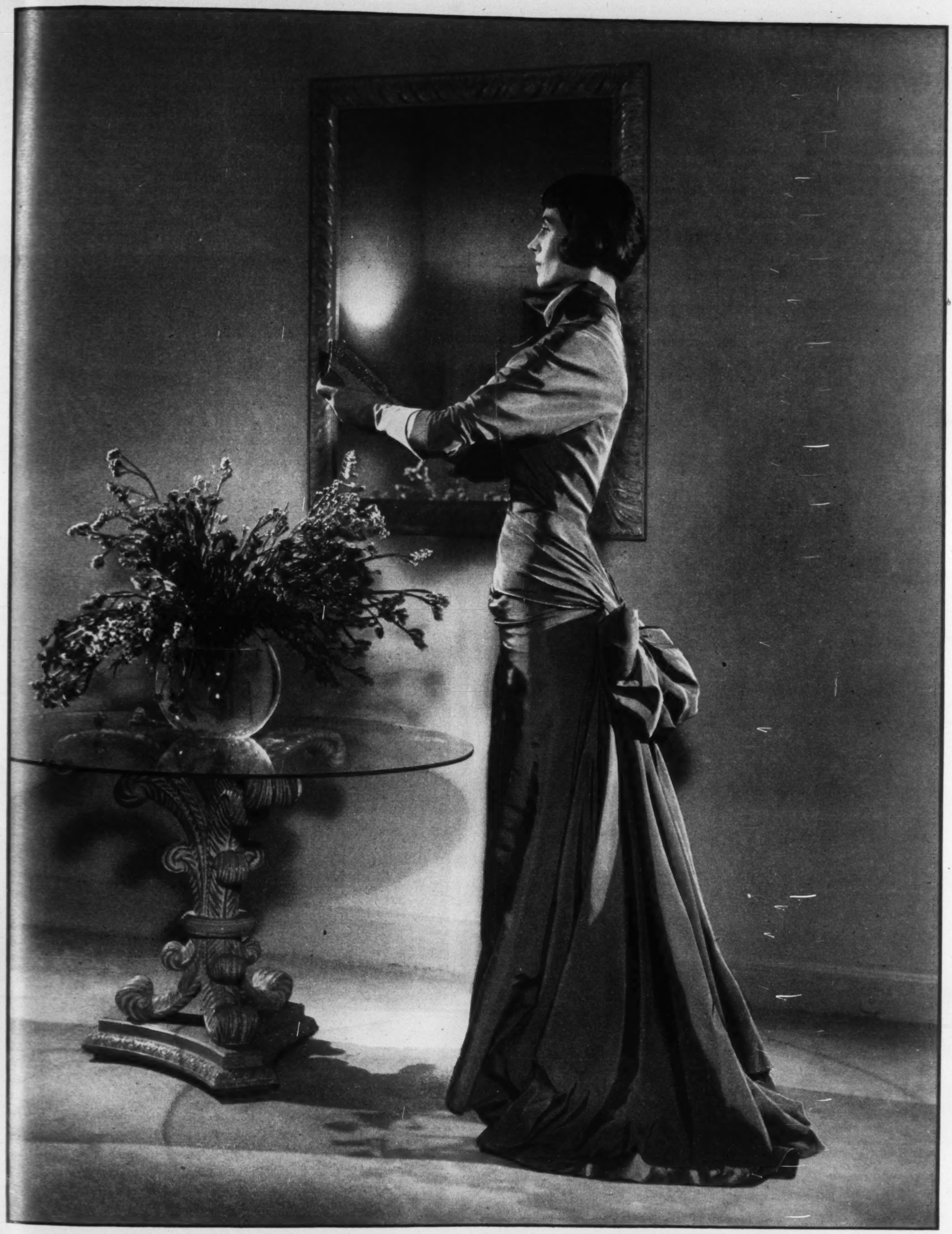


French Import, Joan Rigby

WORLD OF WOMEN

Caramel Ciré Taffeta . . . A dinner dress by Jacques Griffe, whose forte is elegantly simple clothes of highly individual detail such as the high forward-curving throat-line, bracelet-length sleeves. The free unmounted shoulder is in one with the bodice, curving into the gentle arc of the waist. Caught low at the back in a pouff of taffeta, the polonaise drape continues into a gracious sweep of train.

BERNICE COFFEY, *Editor*

ACTIVE CONVALESCENCE

Is Bed the Place for Those Who Are Ill?

By HELEN CLAIRE HOWES

PHONING a friend to enquire about her son, recently hospitalized for appendicitis, I was surprised to find him home again. His dubious mother reported that "he seems all right," but that "they must have needed the bed pretty badly to send him home so soon. And," she added, "the doctor said not to keep him in bed!"

Shortage of beds is not primarily the reason for getting a patient back into circulation with the least possible delay. The experience of progressive physicians and surgeons over a number of years has led them to the conclusion that, for the patient's own sake, he must be encouraged, even urged, to get out of bed as soon as it is physically possible.

A few years ago, a mother could count on two weeks' rest in bed every time she had a baby, a vacation she felt was justly earned. More and more physicians are convinced that, if the woman is perfectly healthy, two weeks of complete inactivity do more harm than good.

For over a hundred and fifty years, lone voices have been heard from time to time, advocating a more active convalescent state following childbirth. The justifications for such activity are, oddly enough, the same given by physicians who recommend two weeks' rest in bed. They are: better drainage of the pelvic organs resulting in less infection; better circulation which prevents the formation of blood clots, and general improvement in muscle tone. Reason would seem to be on the side of those who advocate normal physical activity as early as possible.

Shorter Hospitalization

In 1935 a Halifax obstetrician reported on 500 women who had followed a more active schedule, beginning with simple exercises on the day following labor. They walked to the examining room on the tenth day, and went home in much better condition than patients who had remained in bed for two weeks. They were able, physically and psychologically, to take on the grave responsibility of bringing up a child. Moreover, the patient preferred the shortened confinement.

This summer, another Canadian obstetrician reported a study (over a 12-year period), involving 2,500 cases observed in an Alberta maternity clinic. The only exceptions to taking exercises and to getting out of bed on the fourth day (or earlier), were the mothers who were unusually run down, and those with severe complications.

The more active schedule seemed to hasten the return of normal tonicity to the abdominal muscles; to improve the circulation of the legs and pelvic veins. In this group there was an almost complete absence of phlebitis following confinement in the post-discharged period. Two years prior to the report's appearance, the Alberta government had inaugurated free hospital care for maternity cases for twelve days. Despite the fact that the women could remain in hospital for twelve days at no expense, the average stay was 8.4 days. The following year it averaged 7.4 days. The shorter stay in hospital proved almost 100 per cent popular with the patients themselves.

Morbidity (temperature above 100.5° on more than one occasion), was cut to about one-sixth of what it used to be at this hospital. The use of sulfas and penicillin were doubtless a factor in lowering morbidity, but the doctor feels that the increased activity of the patients was the principal reason.

Inactivity Damaging

Some months ago, a British physician published an article entitled "The Dangers of Going to Bed". Referring to surgical and medical patients, Dr. Asher pointed out the same dangers as those which threaten obstetrical patients. His picture is very grim indeed. Apparently no part of the body escapes the deleterious effects of prolonged inactivity.

According to Dr. Asher, bronchial secretions collect in the respiratory tract and may cause pneumonia. The weight of the leg on the bed (especially if bent over a pillow) may so compress the veins that a blood clot may ensue. Bedsores, especially on the buttocks of an overweight person, are a nightmare to both patient and nurse. The muscles waste and the joints become stiff from lack of use. The calcium drains from the bones and tends to form kidney and bladder stones. Fractures refuse to heal without weight-bearing on the limb. Even a few days in bed reduces the appetite and results in dyspepsia and heartburn. The heart in the supine position must work harder to keep the circulation going. (And apparently this applies to rheumatic fever patients too. Dr. Asher says there is no evidence that bed rest lessens the incidence of complications.)

The difficulty of using the bedpan frequently creates a strain on the heart, and may lead to constipation, the cathartic habit, or to diarrhea. The battle of the bedpan has been long and bitterly fought in medical journals but, despite many commonsense suggestions, this instrument of torture has not been replaced. And there is nothing more likely to cause momentary high blood pressure than the refusal of a nurse to permit a patient (about to leave hospital alone the next morning) to walk to the toilet a few feet away, because doctor neglected to leave instructions!

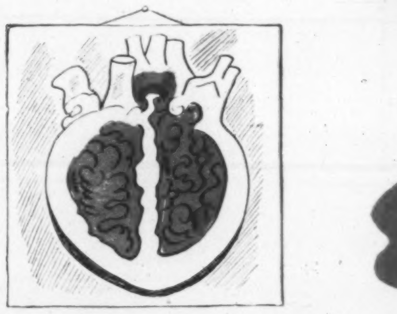
There are diseases, of course, which require that the patient be kept in bed for some time (and a cosy, restful place it can be), but the reasons should be thoroughly explained to the patient. Moreover, the traditional length of time should be reconsidered, and every case judged on its merits. Patients should help to decide whether bed is the best place for them. How the patient "feels" is frequently the best criterion (not whether family or office manager is clamoring!). This procedure is being followed more and more widely.

A doctor in Cooperstown, N.Y., reported on 100 consecutive patients who were allowed to sit in a chair and

MEET A MAN WITH

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

1. Everybody has blood pressure. It goes up every time your heart beats, down when it rests. The doctor discovered the level of this man's blood pressure stayed high most of the time. He had high blood pressure (hypertension).

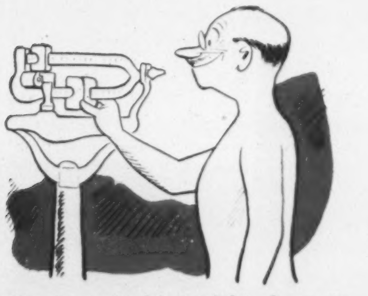


2. His heart had to work harder to circulate his blood. This strain often enlarges the heart muscle. Arteries, brain and kidneys may also be affected.

3. However, after a medical examination, this man learned that like most high blood pressure patients today, he could do a lot to help himself.

4. By taking his doctor's advice, he learned how to live with his ailment, to slow down at work and play, to get plenty of sleep and rest.

5. He followed his doctor's instructions about diet, so that his food might help his condition, and avoid putting an extra burden on his heart.



6. He brought his weight down to normal and kept it there. For blood pressure often rises and falls as weight goes up and down.

7. He sees his doctor for frequent checkups. Under good medical care and with sensible living habits, he can look forward to many happy years.

There is hope that advances of medical science will provide new means of combating high blood pressure. Many continuing studies are being aided by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies in Canada and the United States, which makes grants for special research in diseases of the heart and arteries, including high blood pressure.

For further helpful information about high blood pressure, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Your Heart." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 108-T, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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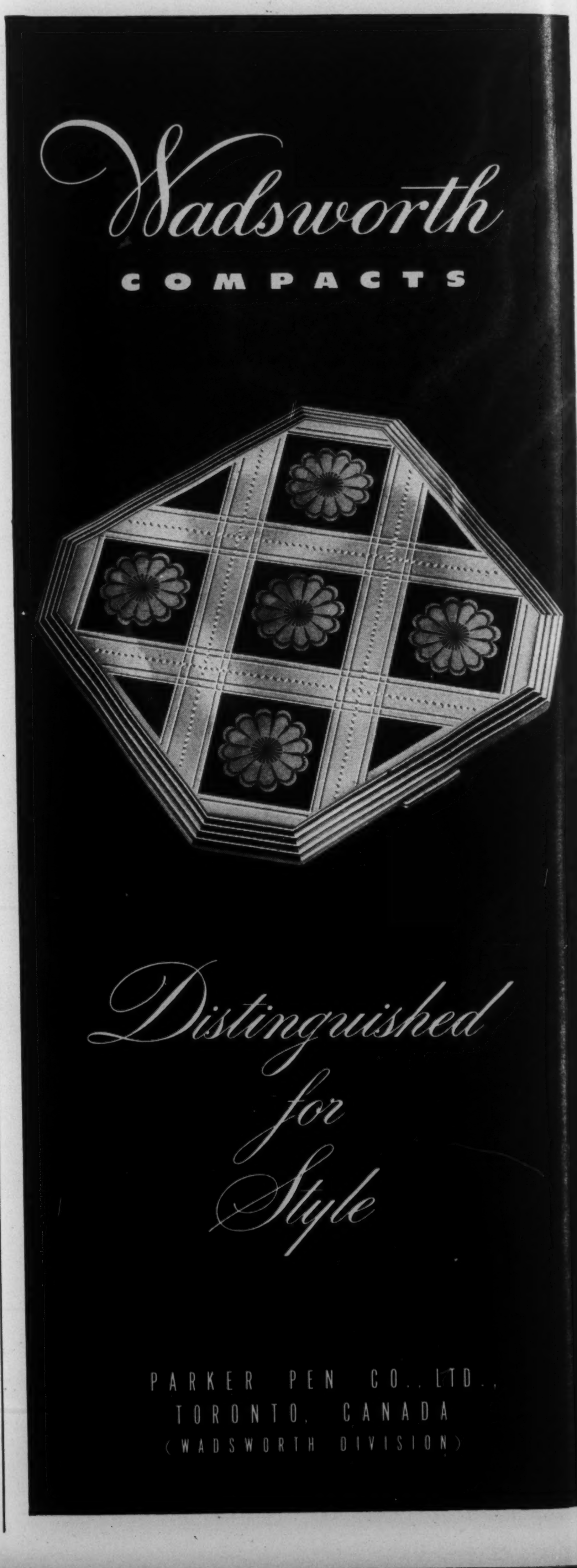


walk on the first day after a major operation. Compared with an equal number who remained in bed for 10 to 15 days, fewer complications were found in the first group. Further, these patients returned to work in 4.8 weeks as compared with 8.7 weeks for the group who remained in bed the traditional length of time. A letter in *Modern Medicine* reports that a Toronto surgeon permits patients (on whom he has performed a hernia operation) to leave the hospital on the day of operation, driving themselves home in their own car.

When the patient is condemned to a long period of pointless inactivity, demoralizing effects soon make their appearance. There cannot be physical deterioration without accompanying mental change. Fussiness and a return to dependency are the first symptoms. Patients of long standing may become content to lie in a semistupor, dozing throughout the day and wakeful at night. If they were kept busy and happy during the day, preparing for their discharge, they would sleep soundly at night. If the object of treating the sick is to prolong life, the active cooperation of the patient is more likely to lead to this end than his premature assumption of the role of vegetable. If the patient *must* stay in bed, he should be encouraged to do everything he can for himself.

The case is cited of a lady who had been confined to bed for 17 years with "nervous debility" and an infection of the finger nails. She received a rude shock when ordered out of bed, but became literally a new woman within a few days. Indeed, getting an individual out of bed may turn a slovenly, incontinent patient into a clean, fastidious person. As the veterinarians say, "Just get the horse on its feet!"

To make it possible for the hospital to have patients up and around many changes may have to be made. The institution must be arranged for the patient, not the patient for the institution. As Dr. Asher says, "Too often a sister puts all her patients back to bed as a housewife puts all her plates back on the shelf—to make a tidy appearance." This is doubtless why the patient's feet are bound down tightly under the mitred sheets and the perfectly folded coverlet. It certainly contributes little to the patient's comfort.

Dr. Asher recommends that a warm day-room be attached to every ward. Patients should be permitted to dress themselves and to spend the entire day reading, playing quiet games, walking about and visiting. Institutions for rehabilitating war casualties include game rooms, instructors and equipment for handicraft which play a large part in getting the veteran back into active life. This physician claims that heart cases should spend most of their time in the day room, and quotes Sir James Mackenzie as an example of an active heart patient. He continued to play golf and lived an active life for 17 years after his first attack following a heart infection.

Dr. Asher's challenging article ends with a petition to

Teach us to live that we may dread
Unnecessary time in bed.
Get people up and we may save
Our patients from an early grave.

So when Johnny comes marching home from the hospital weeks before you expect him, don't accuse the doctors of heartlessness. They know what they are doing—trying to prevent Johnny from becoming an invalid, even a short-term one.

ABROAD

The Public Oven in Greece

By JULIE HANIDIS

Athens.

WHEN I first came to Athens and saw servants and housewives carrying their lunch in pans, uncovered and exposed to the covetous eyes of passersby, I thought they had been shopping at the neighborhood delicatessen. But I soon learned they were homeward bound from the public oven.

The profession of the man who operates the public oven was established during the Ottoman regime and it was here that the Greeks used to hold secret meetings to plot against the Turks. Today the "fournari" is the most popular man in the neighborhood. Without this facility there would be no ovenbaked dishes, no cakes or sweets, for eighty per cent of the homes in Athens are not equipped with baking facilities.

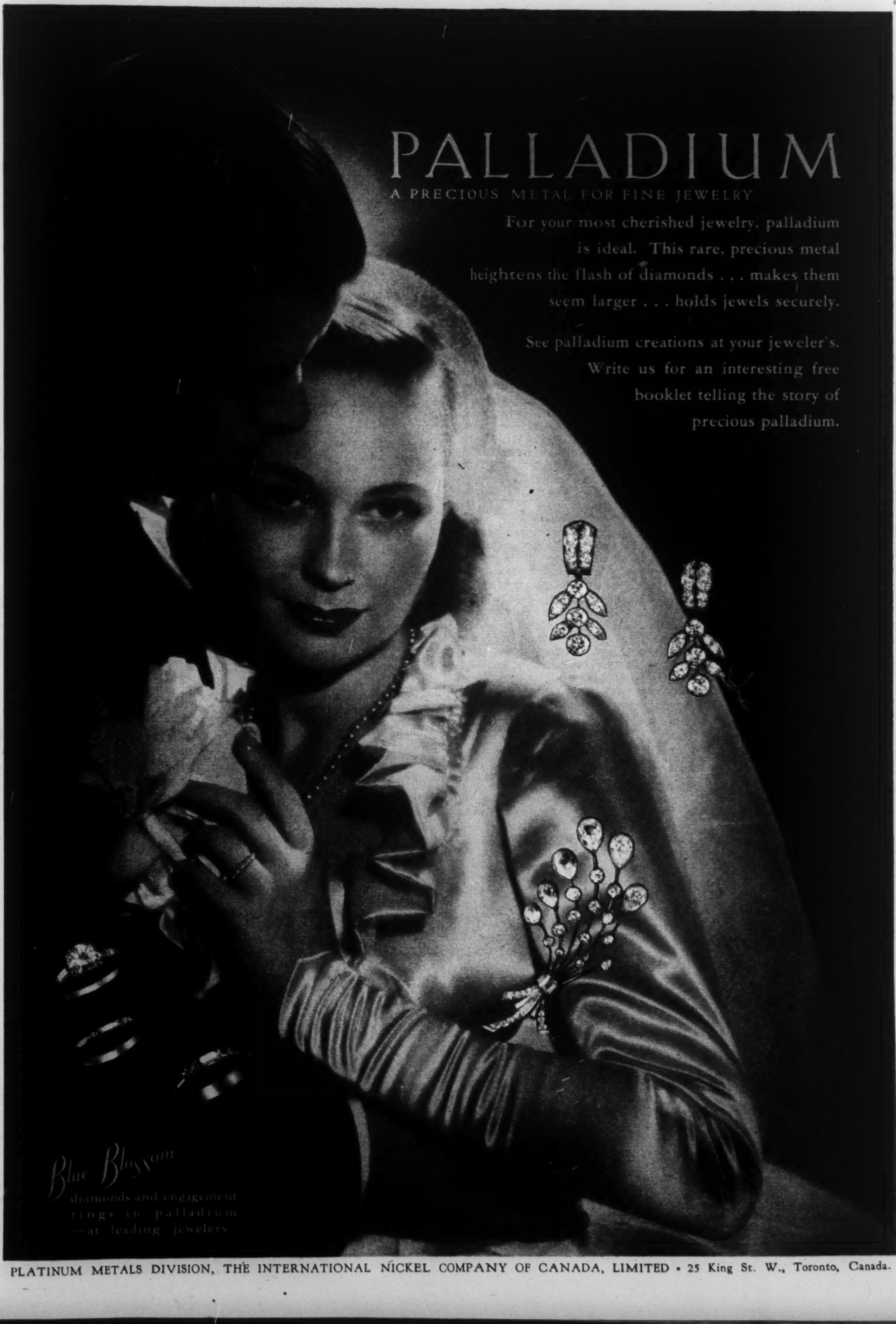
The "fournari" is also the baker and from him the Greek housewife purchases her daily ration of bread. After the bread for the day has been baked the ovens are free to serve the public. By ten in the morning several dozen pans full of varied succulence repose on the huge counter prior to their installation in the oven. The "fournari" knows his oven well. To the left go the meat and potatoes. The heat in the centre is not too intense, a suitable place for the vegetable dishes. The cakes and sweets to the right where the heat is more even. He adds salt to the roast and bastes as required.

Cakes and Politics

A fact which amazed me is that the "fournari" does not keep a too watchful eye on the cakes. At home in Canada I remember we dared not bang the pan after the batter had been added. Until it reaches the oven Greek cake batter takes an awful beating but, unlike the Roman Empire, the cakes just don't seem to fall. Occasionally, if the "fournari" has become involved in a political discussion, probably more heated than his oven, he may roast your meat to a frazzle or your cake batter may be forgotten.

The majority of Greek housewives have never baked a cake in their lives and I have been deluged with a million questions about this particular domestic feat. I remembered my home economics teacher who stressed that an oven must never be opened until the cake has been in at least for twelve minutes. The Greek "fournari" has never taken an economics course but I'll wager that he can turn out a better job than the teacher who, with one eye on the clock and the other on the cook book, taught me how to bake a cake and fry an egg.

After the man she loves, next dearest in a woman's heart is her culinary ability and whether the Greek gallant likes it or not he may as well resign himself to the fact that the "fournari" is the second man in his wife's life. A way to a man's heart may be through his stomach—but without the aid of the "fournari" in Athens many a whirlwind romance would come to an abrupt end and fall flatter than a badly beaten batter.



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MUSIC

A Concerto Hercules

By JOHN YOCOM

RARE indeed is the violinist who can play more than one or two concertos at a moment's notice, but Harry Adaskin, head of the Department of the University of British Columbia, has set himself a herculean, if not record-breaking, task for concerto playing. On successive Tuesday evenings until December, at the Vancouver Art Gallery, he is presenting ten concertos. They constitute an historical series covering the years from Bach to Hindemith. Sponsored by the U.B.C. Extension Department, the unique course started on Oct. 5; it is a follow-up of Adaskin's highly successful series last year when he did the ten Beethoven violin sonatas. That course was sold out and the same thing has happened this year.

"Each evening one great violin concerto is thoroughly analyzed and explained," Harry Adaskin tells us, "with the whole thing being played through, stopping and starting just as we would if learning the piece for the first time."

This break-down presentation takes up half the evening. After intermission the violinist and his accompanist-wife, Frances Marr, come back and play the work through without comment, as at a concert. "The second playing," says Adaskin, "allows the listeners to apply what they have learned earlier in the evening and enables them to test their listening powers."

Photo by Marcel Ray

The T.S.O.'s Pop series, a Friday night Massey Hall and radio feature, commenced this week. Pianist Neil Chotem will be guest artist Oct. 29.

Although no previous musical training is required of the course members, for a $5 registration fee Vancouverites are getting a double treat—study evenings and concerts. Even in a large metropolis concert-goers would not hear such a repertoire for several seasons. The series started with Bach's E major; then Mozart's A major, Beethoven, Paganini, Mendelssohn, Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Sibelius, Delius, with Hindemith's Concerto (1939) as a final evening's entertainment and test of the understanding of good music.

A sidelight on the enormous physical and mental aspects of the job is the fact that the indomitable Adaskin had to learn all the concertos before the university year began, for administrative work, lectures and teaching at U.B.C. make up a busy enough routine.

Reviews

Songs of the 18th and earlier centuries were presented in the Conservatory concert-hall, Toronto, last week by Ernesto Vinci, baritone, and Greta Kraus, harpsichordist. A large audience provided spontaneous applause on many occasions for the two excellently matched artists. What a wealth of beauty, dignity, and merriment, too, in the simple melodies of those past centuries! There were several sacred songs, and the two chorales by Bach made one wish that more singers would draw upon this great store of religious song. The even flow of Vinci's fine voice contrasted most effectively with the rippling tone of Kraus's harpsichord. The beautiful love songs from Tudor England, one by Robert Jones capping Dowland's "What if I never speede?" with his own "What if I speede?" were a convincing demonstration that only the harpsichord can reproduce the tone color the Elizabethan composers desired.

For one who spends most of his time successfully teaching others to sing, Vinci retains a fine flexibility of voice and complete smoothness of tone throughout its entire range. These two qualities, combined with splendid breath control, were amply evident in the somewhat ornate aria from "The Death of Jesus" by Bach's contemporary, Carl Graun. Furthermore, Vinci was able to convey delightful wit to his audience without destroying the artistry of his performance. It was most successful in the sheer comedy of *"Les canards"*, a *bergerette* from the 18th century French court. Before this song, Vinci noted that some of the tones to be heard could hardly be classed as *bel canto* but that they were essential to the song—and they were.—F.A.

Photo by Karsh

Lubka Kolessa, outstanding concert pianist and faculty member of the Royal Conservatory, presents a recital in Eaton Auditorium, Oct. 23.

•

The intricate patterns and emotional depths of feeling of the Spanish dance were brought to Eaton Auditorium last week by José Torres, said to be the greatest Spanish dancer today. A one-man dance recital may well prove as tedious to the audience as it is apt to make impossible physical demands upon the artist but in this case both finished with equal élan. With castanets, excellent piano accompaniment, magnificent costumes and artistry of a high order, Senor Torres provided an evening as satisfactory to the many teachers and students of the dance as to the remainder of the audience. "Asturias", the delicately wrought choreography of the highly-stylized dispatching of the bull, demanded an encore. "Don Juan", romantic in mood, was performed with great taste. It was interesting to note that José Torres held the mood of the previous number while accepting the applause of the audience. F. Elias de Quiros, in his dual function as piano accompanist and soloist, justly shared the applause.—B.C.

Sales Campaign

The Solway String Quartet, Canada's latest important string group, has accepted a double challenge. First, the Solway String Quartet has ambitions of some day definitely rating in the chamber music world. The second part of the challenge is to make chamber music more attractive to the layman, because since the 18th century for one reason or another, the form has had a narrow appeal. Throughout the province for over a year the S.S.Q. has been acquiring the endorsement of community audiences for string quartet programs. Last week in Hart House Theatre before a nearly-filled auditorium, and for half an hour over a radio network, the four men showed how it is done. With a Pop series of stepping stones they deftly led hearers into the literature of chamber music. The stones: Kreisler's "Liebesfreud," Dvorak's American Quartet, Kern's "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," a slick arrangement of Gershwin tunes (Howard Cable's), Waldo-Warner's "Pixy Ring" with well appreciated cello licks, etc.

But there was very little that was remiss in the performance. Classical chestnuts and polished novelties were equally presented with seasoned technique and expressive cooperation, sensitive phrasing and generally satisfying interpretations. Like previous hearers, in other parts of Ontario and of the radio programs, the Hart House audience liked the sample. The Solway group is doing an excellent job of selling the initial installments of chamber works to Canadians. But Maurice Solway and his colleagues are not forgetting the first part of the challenge: to gain international standing. Future plans, while including a continuance of the sales campaign, also call for the genuine 14-carat wares in chamber music literature.

•

Oscar Morawetz, the gifted young Czech-Canadian composer, received word last week that his Sonata, first-prize winner in the 1945 C.A.P.A.C. competition, was performed over the Australian Broadcasting Corporation network this summer by pianist Frank Warbrick.

The Toronto Music Lovers Club presents five Saturday matinee musicales at the Royal Ontario Museum Theatre on Oct. 30, Nov. 27, Jan. 29, Feb. 26 and March 26. The artists will be pianists Norah Drewett and George Brough, violinists Geza de Kresz and Gerhard Kander, and cellist Boris Hambourg.

The Undergraduate Association of the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music is presenting a concert in Convocation Hall, Thurs., Oct. 28, in support of the university's Red Feather campaign. Artists appearing on the program include Sir Ernest MacMillan, Dr. Healey Willan, Frances James, the Bell Singers, the Solway Quartet, Edmund Hockridge, Hyman Goodman and Alberto Guerrero.

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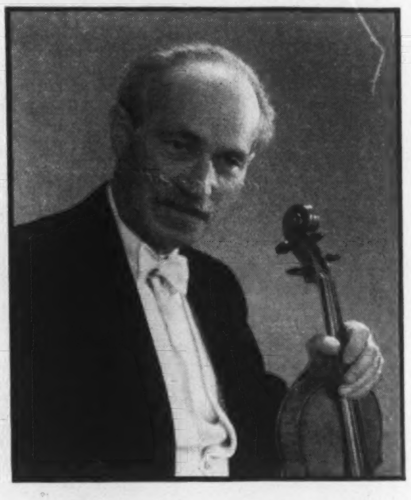
RADIO

More Layman's History

By JOHN L. WATSON

THE C.B.C. was not wrong when it boasted that it was making history with the two current "Wednesday Night" programs devoted to the progress of music through the ages. The "Layman's History of Music" was both useful and entertaining, a combination of qualities not often found in a radio program. It was useful to those listeners who appreciate serious music but who know little or nothing of how it came to be what it is; to such listeners it gave a brief, though completely logical and coherent, résumé of the development of musical forms and made some attempt to associate the music with the general trend of thought and feeling in the epochs in which it was composed. Even for those who needed no education in the history of music, the programs were entertaining, for they contained a great deal of fine work by a number of our most accomplished performers.



—Photo by John Steele

Violinist Geza de Kresz, famed on two continents, will be soloist at the Toronto Symphony's subscription concerts in Massey Hall, Oct. 26-27. The T.S.O. is alternating with Les Concerts Symphoniques to present weekly Dominion network broadcasts.

The script, written by Dr. Leslie Bell, was sound and scholarly, but not unduly schoolmasterish—still, an occasional touch of humor wouldn't have hurt it a bit. As for the musical part—no representative selection can ever be counted on to please everyone; we are prone to attach more importance to the omissions than to the inclusions! In the first part, I would like to have had more attention paid to Bach, who was inadequately represented, and perhaps less time wasted on Purcell's inferior "Witch of Endor". In the second program, the area which had to be covered was so extensive—and so densely populated with composers of importance—that it was virtually impossible not to omit some who, one feels, ought to have been included. It was disappointing, in a way, not to have had a movement from a Brahms' symphony, as a sort of summing-up of the nineteenth century, although the first movement of the magnificent F-Minor Quintet did serve to illustrate the apex of the nineteenth-century Romantic movement—just as the Mozart Concerto illustrated the apex of Classicism. Incidentally, I think Dr. Bell went too far when he called Tschaikowsky "the greatest composer in the history of nineteenth century music". Or did Mr. Morgan, the narrator, merely leave out the adjective "Russian"? Generally speaking, however, the selections were made with good taste and good sense.

Hard to Single Out

The artists were all so competent that it is hard to single out any of them for special mention. Our old friends, Francis James, Edmund Hockridge and Greta Kraus were in top form, as was Margaret Ireland, a young Canadian pianist of great brilliance who has just returned to Canada after a long sojourn in New York.

Now, "A Layman's History of Music" was a wonderful idea, but it should be only the first step in the direction of a much broader and more comprehensive idea. What about "A Layman's History of Western Culture" (à la *Life* Magazine)? Why not a series of at least half-a-dozen programs illustrating the development of the creative arts in modern Western civilization with special emphasis on music, poetry and the drama? For example, an evening on the sixteenth century could include: a play of Shakespeare, music by Palestrina, Byrd, the Elizabethan lutenists, readings from La Pléiade, a talk on Florentine art; the following week might include Racine or Molière, Milton and Corelli; and so on, right down to Schönberg, Auden, Picasso and Sartre.

Such a plan would give direction and significance to the "Wednesday Nights" and they would most certainly "make history". After all, there is no history so fascinating to the adult mind as the history of ideas—even if our educational authorities refuse to recognize it.

It has become abundantly clear that C.B.C. "Wednesday Night" is in the hands of men of vision and integrity—a species of human not too frequently associated with radio on this continent; there is literally no limit to what the "Wednesday Night" programs can accomplish if the integrity is maintained and the vision constantly enlarged.

The new Canadian General Electric program seems to have all the ingredients that make for general popularity: the Bell Singers at their slickest, the pleasantly modulated voice of Charles Jordan and shiny new arrangements by Dr. Bell and Howard Cable. The production is swift, the continuity is cleverly contrived and even the commercials are relatively painless. The ideal sort of show for "easy Sunday listening". (C.B.C.—Dominion, Sundays at 6 p.m. EST.)

•

Canada's three top symphonies will all be broadcasting throughout the fall and winter over C.B.C. networks. On Tuesday nights at 8.30 p.m. EST, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under Sir Ernest MacMillan, will alternate with Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal, under Désiré Defauw. Guest conductors of the two orchestras will include Vladimir Golschmann, Georges Enesco and Charles Münch. Soloists will include Primrose, Flagstad, Malcuzynski, Heifetz, Rubinstein, Moiseiwitch, *et al.* The Vancouver Symphony, under Jacques Singer, will play on Sundays at 11.00 p.m. and will feature a considerable number of contemporary works.

For the less demanding listeners the Toronto Symphony "Pop" Concerts will be broadcast each Friday at 9.00 p.m. Paul Scherman will direct most of the concerts, which will include a "Gershwin-Gould" night, a grand opera night, a ballet night and a Viennese night. Thomas L. Thomas, Jean Dickenson, Igor Gorin, and Evelyn MacGregor will be featured soloists.

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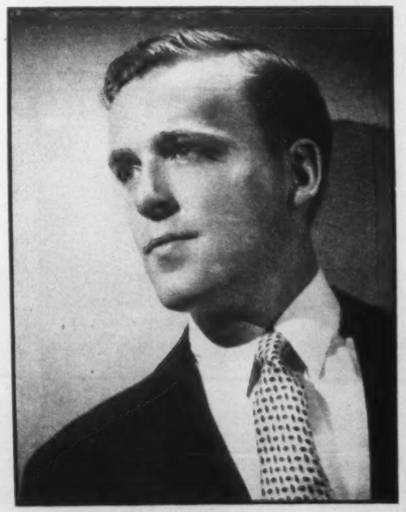
What the C.B.C. claims is the world's largest listening group activity, "National Farm Radio Forum", will be resumed on November 1.



—Photo by Crampton

Adam Gaw, talented young Canadian tenor member of Opera School and Mendelssohn Choir, leaves next month for further study in Italy.

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PERSONALITIES

Dr. Elizabeth Matheson

By RUTH M. BUCK

IN JUNE of this year, the Senate of the University of Toronto conferred an honorary degree in Medicine on Dr. Elizabeth Beckett Matheson, who graduated in 1898 from the Women's Medical College and received her degree at that time from Trinity College, now part of the University. She was the first woman to practise medicine in the North-West Territories though she was refused registration without oral examination until 1905 when the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were formed. Her work as doctor extended into both the newly formed provinces, actually through an area of almost one hundred miles since there were no other doctors (any nearer than Battleford) until the founding of the Barr colony at Lloydminster.

Dr. Matheson was the wife of the Rev. J. R. Matheson, missionary at Onion Lake from 1892 until his death in 1916. It was to help him in his work that she returned to her studies in medicine though she was then the mother of three small children. As Elizabeth Scott she had been a student at the Women's Medical College in Kingston in 1887; but she had agreed before her second year was completed to go to India as a teacher and zenana worker for the Presbyterian Board of Missions. After two years in India she returned to Canada, married and went with her husband to the Church of England mission at Onion Lake.

Those are the bare facts, but about them is woven a life of adventure, of strange endeavor, of valor and endurance. That it was such is due in part to the influence of her husband. He was almost eighteen years her senior, so that 1948 as well as being the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation as a doctor of medicine is the centenary of his birth.

Four In Ministry

John Richard Matheson and his brother, Canon Edward Matheson of Battleford, were of that group of four men, all clergymen in the Church of England, who brought distinction to the name of Matheson. Samuel Pritchard Matheson, Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada, was the most eminent. John William Matheson, Dean of St. John's Cathedral in Winnipeg, was younger than the others by ten or fifteen years. He was the Archbishop's nephew, the son of his eldest brother. John and Edward Matheson were closely related to the Archbishop, their fathers being first cousins and their mothers sisters, daughters of John Pritchard who had been a fur-trader with the North-West Company before he became an ardent supporter of Lord Selkirk and the Red River Colony. It was through the Pritchard connection that all four men entered the Anglican ministry, for the Mathesons were Presbyterians, Selkirk settlers from the Highlands of Sutherlandshire.

Three of the men were noted as scholars. John Matheson though the eldest of the four was the last to enter the ministry. That was when he was over forty, and had already become something of a legend. Scarcely an account of the early West that did not refer to him. Amazing stories were told of his prowess as a runner, athlete, guide, horse-trader, poker-player—as anything in fact but what he was to become in later life when sincere conversion made him a man of God. Many of the stories may have been exaggerated. He himself never spoiled a good story by over-verification. It was enough that he drew men to him. In him the nimbleness of Wales and the rough power of the Scottish Highlands had combined to produce something sparkling and adventurous, a man of action but of a deeply emotional nature and warm humanity.

Doctor To Order

Elizabeth Scott was born near Campbellford in Ontario. She was nineteen when she met John Matheson but it was another six years before she agreed to marry him, for she had decided during her first year at Queen's to become a missionary, and the difference not only in their ages but in their ways of life seemed too great.

Upon her return from India, his sincerity convinced her and they were married in 1891. The following summer they began their work at Onion Lake. They found there only a tumble-down church, a four-roomed mission house, and a small day-school whose attendance ranged from two or three often to none at all. By the work of their own hands they built the mission into a large boarding-school, and of the eighty to one hundred children finally enrolled not more than twenty were treaty Indians for whom the Government allowed an annual grant. The rest were only part Indian or were white children enrolled either as boarders or day-pupils. For that reason the Territorial Government paid the salary of a teacher.

John and Elizabeth Matheson had nine children of their own, two of whom died in early childhood. They legally adopted five orphans as well.

In all their work, the Church for years could give them only its full consent, and to John Matheson the salary of three hundred dollars a year, raised eventually to six hundred. Yet in his reports to Synod in the early 1900's, John Matheson was listing the receipts and expenditures of the Mission in the thousands of dollars; and newcomers in the rapidly opening settlements were amazed by a missionary who they were convinced "could buy out any business man in the country and never miss the money." When he was asked how they managed to finance a venture that was so much their own, he said staunchly "By faith," but he took for granted his own skill and resourcefulness, his business ability and the courage of a great heart. On his wife's part he expected and found the same noble qualities of high enthusiasm and self-sacrifice.

He was builder, rancher, trader and missionary. She was for a time teacher, housekeeper and mother of a family that had grown to ten or more children before the first winter was over. Then they found willing helpers, inspired by the example set. John Matheson, convinced of the need for a doctor, persuaded his wife to return to Medical College. Fifty years later only the stirring adventure is recalled, not the desperate contriving to meet expenses, the lonely heartache.

Here was no light-hearted undergraduate, but a woman in grim earnest. For one winter she attended Manitoba Medical College but had to give up her studies a few weeks before the birth of her third child. In September she enrolled as a second year student once more, but at the

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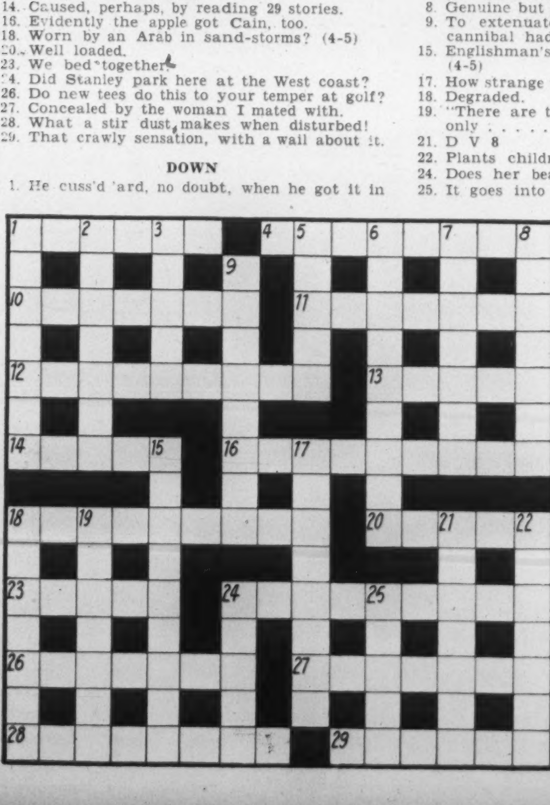
By LOUIS and DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. His painted bodies are decidedly solid.
4. Insects by the month. (4, 4)
10. Is she raisin' the Turk's family?
11. In back and front for a Canadian discovery.
12. Ale helps Al Capp to sing unaccompanied. (1, 8)
13. It floats over France.
14. Caused, perhaps, by reading 29 stories.
16. Evidently the apple got Cain, too.
18. Worn by an Arab in sand-storms? (4-5)
20. Well loaded.
23. We bed together.
24. Did Stanley park here at the West coast?
26. Do new tees do this to your temper at golf?
27. Concealed by the woman I mated with.
28. What a stir dust makes when disturbed!
29. That crawly sensation, with a wail about it.

DOWN

1. He cuss'd 'ard, no doubt, when he got it in his face.
2. Form of verse favored by Villon.
3. We bog-gle at entering its "fetid stillness".
5. I cut a bit of New York State.
6. It's very necessary that a German city should have French milk back.
7. Diogenes advised "not to . . . . what you have learned".
8. Genuine but gets off to a bad start.
9. To extenuate sounds like the friend the cannibal had for dinner.
15. Englishman's opinion of a U.S. cup of tea. (4-5)
17. How strange to find tuna pies in the garden.
18. Degraded.
19. "There are times when the mirth of others' only . . . . us" (Lytton)
21. D V 8
22. Plants children here.
24. Does her beauty end with the rising sun?
25. It goes into the basket.



Solution for Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Spitting image
10. Haifa
11. Sostenuto
12. Dacoits
13. Ottoman
14. Vespers
15. Spotter
16. Locates
20. Soda bar
23. Oarsman
24. In China
25. All primed
26. Moose
27. Violoncellist

DOWN

2. Princes
3. Tea time
4. Insists
5. Gaseous
6. Maestro
7. Gourmet
8. The devil to pay
9. Sooner or later
17. Corelli
18. Timbrel
19. Sandman
20. Spindle
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Women's Medical College in Toronto. At Christmas she wrote her examinations completing not only her second year studies, but writing a required examination in matriculation Latin as well. Then she entered third year classes and was successful in those examinations in the spring. The following year she graduated as a Doctor of Medicine and returned to Onion Lake to practise as a missionary without any thought of payment. A few years later the Department of Indian Affairs recognized her services and appointed her doctor to the Indians at the princely salary of three hundred dollars a year.

Looking back over the long years her experiences seem incredible — a seventy-five mile trip in a lumber wagon, her three-months-old baby in her arms, over frozen corduroy roads through northern muskeg and bush to set a man's leg; camping in the snow or in the summer heat of prairie trails; sleeping in trappers' shacks; daring the threat of bush fires and hazardous river-crossings; knowing tragic accident cases, murders and suicides; fighting epidemics of diphtheria and small-pox; attending women in agonizing childbirth in lonely shacks.

When the country opened for settlement, John Matheson built a hospital for his wife. The Indians were still afraid of hospitalization, and except for accident and operative cases, most of the patients were white settlers. In certain emergencies as epidemics a trained nurse was engaged. For the rest she had the help of members of the mission staff, and for the latter years her two elder daughters. In operative cases, a doctor from Lloydminster was called.

When her husband's strength failed, Dr. Matheson became acting principal of the school, attending to all the business as well as to her own practice. She remained at Onion Lake until the spring of 1918, when she was appointed medical inspector of the Winnipeg public schools.

It seemed to her then, with the establishment of her home in Winnipeg, that life became much easier. She had only to maintain that home, care for her children, and earn their living. She did it all as she had done everything else expected of her—with a direct simplicity that was to appear to her children as the very emblem of nobility and courage.

In 1941 she resigned her position with the school board, not at the age of sixty-five, but seventy-five. Now she lives for most of each year with her eldest daughter in San Antonio, Texas, but usually spends the summer in Canada. This summer she flew from Winnipeg to attend Convocation in Toronto and returned by air to take the lake boat to the home of another daughter at Norway House.

In her eighty-third year Dr. Matheson is still an arresting personality, erect and graceful, alert and interested in everything about her—a woman who has long since discovered that the well-spring of life is never in thought of self but in service of others.

MOTHS

The Housewife's Eternal Enemy

By LYN HARRINGTON

FROM every side comes the warning "Get your clothes mothproofed. Use this spray, that bug bomb, or these moth crystals." The arsenal in the battle against moths was never better equipped. And housewives in the United States lay out some $45 millions each year in the warfare.

Apparently science still has a long way to go in the matter. Fur, feathers and woolens continue to foot the huge annual food bill of the elusive pest. It is something to know that scientists are now working on solutions for mothproofing yarns, so that materials will be protected from the very beginning. Now if manufacturers would just see eye to eye with the scientist and the consumer, we'd be all set.

But squabbling over moths is no new thing.

The moth is of world-wide distribution, and of hoary lineage. The family is as old as history itself. Perhaps you wonder what the clothes moth did for food before we took to wearing clothes? The fact is, that some of them changed their tastes, as we went in for the "new look" centuries ago.

Some vegetarian moths turned to animal fibres. Others had lived and multiplied on a diet of wool and hair from wild sheep and cattle. There were moths in the dark corners of the cave where the cavewoman tossed hides and feathers.

Pliny, the Roman naturalist and historian, came up with some bright suggestions. He recommended that clothing should be laid in a coffin. The sinister container would frighten the moths away. Evidently that wasn't enough, for he had other ideas on the subject.

"Hang up a few cantharid beetles about the place," he advised. "That'll do the trick".

Skin A Lion

But in a multitude of council there is wisdom. He went on to advocate the use of a lion's skin for wrapping up garments, "the poor little insects being placed in bodily fear of this terrible animal".

Maybe they ran out of lion skins, or perhaps they weren't so efficacious after all. For in the Middle Ages, chatelaines were laying their tapestries and homespuns into armoires with spices from Cathay.

Peasants, of course, had to get along as best they could. They found that pine cones helped. After beating and airing their clothing on fences and bushes, they packed them into chests with pungent aromatic cones. There is no record of how they got the resin out later on.

Another school of thought mistakenly trusted to salt and pepper, black or cayenne, sprinkled about amongst the clothing. A persistent belief still clings that newsprint is a moth-repellant.

"No repellants for clothes moths are known," declares the U.S. Department of Agriculture. And goes on to prove that not the foulest odor keeps moths at bay. So don't count on the odor of your cedar chest to protect your woolies. It's only the volatile oil that does the trick—and then only in well-made chests. Nor is it the pungent smell of moth balls that alienates the pests. It is the fumes in proper concentration that kill them off.

Not witchcraft nor incantations will repel moths. Only constant vigilance in using the methods of the past—sunning and airing—plus the best of today's chemical inventions will foil the winged menace.

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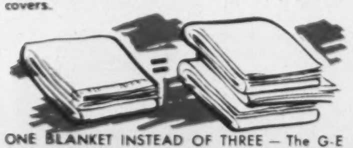
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CONCERNING FOOD

Make Mine Country Style

By MARJORIE THOMPSON FLINT

THE sentiments expressed in both song and story about childhood visits to the country—usually to a farm belonging to grandparents or uncles—refer with much nostalgia to berry pies cooling on the window sill and jars full of spicy cookies. The person in charge of these cooky jars was reputed to be kindly and open handed which makes it sound very much like Mecca for small persons with large appetites. All of which brings us to the subject of food—country style—sixty years ago or thereabouts.

The daily requirements of the culinary department would be three good meals, lunch boxes for school children and extra meals occasionally for workmen and carpenters—not to mention threshers and city visitors. The food supplies must be adequate for the unexpected and, in the wintertime, ample for a day or two of being snowed-in. Perhaps from this necessity of having food on hand stems the feeling of great plenty and, since food is the farmer's business, we have come to associate country meals with an abundance of everything.

To get back to the pies cooling on the window sill, if you feel a little homesick for a country style meal we herewith submit a menu typical of a company dinner fifty to sixty years ago. It is, of course, possible that other localities served quite different company fare since travel hadn't developed to the extent where meals were as standardized as they are now.

However our research has satisfied us that this menu is authentic for one family and their group of friends and relatives.

Fricassee of Chicken with Biscuits
Mashed Turnips Corn in Cream
Whipped Potatoes
Cucumber Pickles Cabbage Salad
Rose Geranium Jelly Pickled Pears
Tea Biscuits
Hot Mince Pie Cocoanut Custard Pie
Fried Cakes Cheddar Cheese
Tea

Soup wasn't usual for a company dinner and small wonder if you happen to be acquainted with the size of the soup plates which belonged to the dinnerware of this period—they are enormous and capable of holding a whole meal.

The *pièce-de-resistance* for this meal was Chicken Fricassee alias stewed chicken. There was usually a hen or so under a crate who had been isolated from her sisters for misbehavior who would make for tender eating if simmered long and slowly. The fricassee would be served on a commodious platter surrounded by feather light tea biscuits and smothered in creamy gravy with more of the same standing by in a gravy dish.

A seemingly endless supply of hot tea biscuits would be brought from the oven just as the guests were seated for dinner and it is interesting to note that there were no bread and butter plates with the dinner service. Large dinner plates were used along with butter patties similar to the ones used in hotel and dining car service.

The pickles usually were a point of special pride to the homemaker and no effort was spared in producing the best. The geranium jelly was usually made with a leaf of the rose or scented geranium plant with apple jelly poured over it in the jelly glass. We would like to give you a recipe for this same type of jelly only using citrus fruit juices and liquid pectin—both relative newcomers to our food supplies.

Rose Geranium Jelly

2½ cups orange and lemon juice (1¼ lbs.)
4½ cups (2 lbs.) sugar
½ bottle liquid pectin
7 rose geranium leaves

To prepare juice, squeeze and strain juice from 6 medium oranges and 4 medium lemons. Combine thoroughly. Measure juice into saucepan and mix. Bring to boil over hottest fire and at once add liquid pectin stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire and skim. Pour quickly into glasses which contain 1 rose geranium leaf each. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 7 glasses (6 ounces each).

As for pies the presence of company demanded that there be two varieties—not as a choice but to serve a piece of each kind. The mincemeat was made probably in the fall when a beef was slaughtered so that there would be fresh minced beef, apples, spices and boiled sweet cider, to mention a few ingredients. Our grandmothers were quite aware of the convenience of frosted foods since it was customary on a cold winter's day to make up several apple and mince pies and freeze them in the raw state to be baked later on when needed—probably two or three weeks' time would be the length of time they were kept.

Another favorite pie then (and now) was cocoanut custard — not the cooked cream filling type but a baked custard pie with cocoanut added. Here is the recipe.

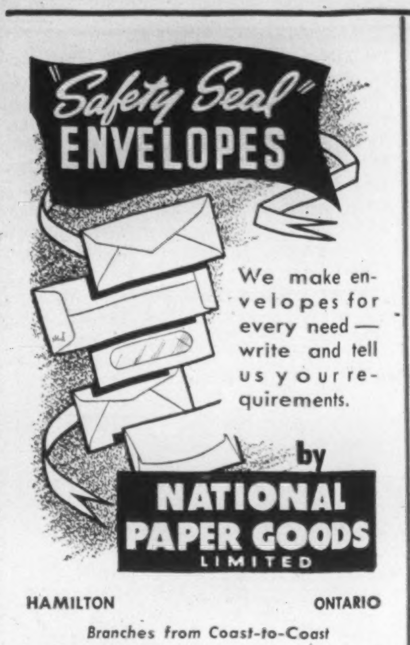
Cocoanut Custard Pie

3 eggs or 6 egg yolks slightly beaten
2/3 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk scalded
1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons cocoanut flavoring
2/3 cup shredded cocoanut
1—9" unbaked pastry shell

Have the pastry shell well chilled and brush the bottom with melted butter or unbeaten egg white. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt. Scald milk and add butter and then add gradually to egg mixture. Add flavoring and strain into chilled pie shell. Sprinkle cocoanut evenly over top. Bake in a hot oven 475°F for ten minutes then reduce heat to 350°F and bake for 20 minutes longer or until firm and a knife comes out clean.

The fried cakes are of the same family as plain doughnuts although they seem as different as can be. They would be made with thick sour cream, a commodity usually at hand, little or no shortening, eggs, sugar, leavening and "flour to make a dough stiff enough to handle". Shaped into balls or cut into rings and fried in hot fat. It would be worth while to wash the baking pans if you could be present to have a hot sugared cake right at the source.

It is very probable that cake might also be included in this menu but more than likely it would be saved until the evening meal since the company could be counted on to stay to "tea", a meal of some consequence and substance—but that's another chapter.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MENTAL HEALTH

Global State of Mind

By ANN FOSTER

WHEN Dr. Alan Gregg, Director of Medical Sciences Division, Rockefeller Foundation, in his paper on "The Task Before Us", quoted Christopher Morley, he unconsciously struck the keynote of the entire International Congress on Mental Health.

In speaking of the difficulties that lie ahead for all those men and women whose chief concern is universally improved mental health, Dr. Gregg quoted the famous author: "Any man who is worth his salt, has, by the time he is forty-five years old, accumulated a crown of thorns: the problem is to learn to wear it over one ear."

If the delegates to this conference were to wear their very obvious crown of thorns dead centre on their worthy and harassed heads, they might find themselves on the way into the very mental institutions from which they are so valiantly trying to keep the rest of us. But with their problem cocked slightly over one ear, and a realistic outlook on the chaotic, frustrated and aggressively-minded state of the world, they may have a fair chance of doing something about us all.

Nature of Selves

"Masters as never before of Nature we must now face the nature of ourselves," was another note struck at the Conference by Dr. Gregg, who went on to ask: "What can we find scientifically to avail us against the corruption, jealousy, selfishness, pride, vanity and lust for power that make physical prosperity so desperately difficult to survive?"

Boiling it down to the meat of the matter, finding an answer to this question was the fundamental reason for the organization of the International Health Congress recently held in London. And so urgent is the question considered to be, that men and women from some forty-five countries—from Iran to Nigeria and Puerto Rico—attended. The average age of these delegates was approximately between thirty and forty-five years, and all of them revealed a desire to soft-pedal personal or national differences for the benefit of the whole and—perhaps more important than anything else—a down-to-earth, realistic approach to the immense, almost unimaginably complex problems that face them.

The gathering of delegates at the Congress itself was preceded by over a year's work on the part of more than five thousand men and women of varying professions from some twenty-seven different countries who, on preparatory committees, had studied the problems to be discussed at the Congress in the light of their individual knowledge and experience, and their country's particular needs, aptitudes and opportunities. Their reports were finally sent to the International Preparatory Committee which was composed of men and women from ten different countries who met, prior to the Congress, to consider all the problems submitted, from the point of view not only of psychiatry, but of medicine, sociology, psychology, political science, philosophy and theology.

Effect On Child

Because the Congress itself was to be broken up into three distinct but closely related phases—that of Mental Hygiene, Child Psychiatry, and Medical Psychotherapy, the problems at the International Preparatory Committee were studied in the light of these particular subjects. In the summarizing statement prepared by this committee before the Congress, it was clearly evident how deeply and intimately related are all aspects of human behavior with every other aspect and phase of life and living.

It was during the sessions on Child Psychiatry that Winnipeg paid its tribute to the Congress. The paper prepared by Dr. Gordon Stephens, Chief Psychiatric Consultant of the Winnipeg Child Guidance Clinic, offered a practical explanation and definition of not only the aims and ideals of the Clinic in Winnipeg, but of its daily work; it also gave a detailed and vigorous resume of the whole situation relating to the school system as we know it in this country and its effect upon the child. The matters of a "rigid, overstuffed" curriculum, of over-crowded classrooms, of frustrated, maladjusted teachers and parents, of restrictive recreational opportunities, of the preponderance in certain school areas of female teachers leaving boys open to over-much feminine influence, and many other vital matters were discussed.

Canada was represented by fourteen delegates including Dr. G. Brock Chisholm, Director of the World Health Organization which is a member of the United Nations.

Before the Congress was over there had been founded the World Federation for Mental Health which will support and cooperate with the World Health Organization and the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

The purposes for which the Federation was formed are many and varied, the most important being to promote the highest possible level of mental health among all peoples all over the world. It will also promote cooperation among scientific and professional groups which contribute to the advancement of mental health. It will try to help foster the ability of peoples to live harmoniously in a rapidly changing environment. It will promote improved standards of training and payment in the professions—such as teaching—concerned with mental health. It will also provide information, counsel and assistance all over the earth in the field of mental health, and assist in developing an informed public opinion among all peoples.

• •

DRESSING TABLE

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COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Prints or Engravings

By ANDREW J. ELLIOTT

THE adjective rare, when applied to prints, does not mean scarce, or even (as it does when describing beef), nearly raw. A rare print is simply one of unusual merit, or one that is valuable to a degree seldom found.

The words print and engraving are practically synonymous, meaning a picture or design printed from an engraved block or plate. The plate was ordinarily of copper; but other metals, such as pewter, steel and iron have been used. For instance, Durer's "Man of Sorrows" was etched on an iron plate. Paper, although the most usual, was not the only material on which prints were pulled. Rembrandt took proofs of his small "Raising of Lazarus" on china, while vellum and silk were used occasionally by Durer and other artists. In most cases, however, a print on any material other than paper has a curio rather than an artistic value.

The fact that some prints are extremely valuable should not deter any person of moderate means from building up a distinguished collection. The way to build a collection is to work on a budget, trading as well as buying—and in the long run, it is an economy to buy only from a reputable dealer. A reputable dealer will always exchange a print (providing its condition has not deteriorated) and apply its price on another. Such a policy is not prompted entirely by love, for prints do not decrease in value and by the time one is turned back as part payment on another, its price may have advanced considerably. Then too, if a collector budgets himself, he will be able, as he grows better informed, to snap up the occasional plum that others have overlooked.

Every rare print, whether etching, mezzotint, woodcut, or line engraving, has its own peculiar attraction, and a real knowledge can only be obtained from careful study of prints themselves. Such study, incidentally, carries a two-fold reward. The student derives intellectual pleasure from his growing appreciation of art. He also acquires in the process an incontrovertible standard of excellence by which all art can be judged.

The genius of men like Rembrandt, Goya, Turner, Hogarth, Durer, Claude and Whistler (to name but a few), illumines all their work, whether they used a brush or a graver, and, although few museums can afford representative oils by such masters, authentic prints from the same hands are well within the means of the poorest galleries. Therefore, a novice should haunt the print room of his local museum, consulting its curator regarding every print he buys.

In doing so, the callow collector need not consider himself presumptuous. Public galleries are subsidized out of taxes and the size of their subsidy is conditioned by the extent to which the public uses them. Furthermore, a far-sighted curator welcomes the opportunity to advise, knowing that, as a private collection grows under his supervision, its owner's feeling of obligation grows too. Eventually, in the majority of cases, the owner will bequeath or donate his collection to the museum which, while it was encouraging him, was quietly shaping the collection with an eye to filling a gap in its own group of prints.

When it is realized that all the rules for intelligent print collecting have exceptions, the need for consultation with experts is readily seen. For example: colored prints should be eschewed. They were not tinted to enhance their beauty, but to conceal the fact that they were pulled from worn-out plates. This rule,* however, does not hold good with some of the satirical engravings by Rowlandson and Bunbury. Again, an engraving should be cut well outside the plate line. But Whistler cut some of his best etchings along the plate line, leaving only a tab for the signature.

"The size of a print," to quote Whistler, "has nothing to do with its importance. I'm not arguing with you. I'm telling you." Obvious signs of age and hard usage should not be accepted as evidence that an engraving is old, or even from an old plate. Prints can [illegible] aged synthetically as easily as beer. Actually, rare prints have always been cherished and, to have any worth, should look bright and fresh. However, many plates by famous artists have been re-worked and, if the lines of an impression seem too hard and clear, it should be viewed with suspicion.

Hand Of The Artist

Paradoxically, an unfinished print is of more interest than a finished one. The reason is that the artist pulled impressions from time to time, to see how the work was progressing, and made changes in the plate after every proof. Consequently, it is reasonable to suppose that the proofs, or unfinished states, are by the hand of the artist himself, whereas, once the plate was finished, impressions from it could be pulled by anybody. The work of most masters are catalogued, which is a help in identifying states, but is not of any great assistance otherwise.

A catalogue, for instance, cannot differentiate between impressions of the same proof. Therefore, at least until experience has given him confidence in his own judgment, a beginner will do well to consult the curator of some public gallery at every opportunity.

It is hardly likely that, as a result of my suggestion, curators will be inundated with requests for advice. Rare prints appeal only to the most discriminating collectors, for the quality of a print is contained in the artist's mastery of line and his ability to handle black ink. Whereas a painter may, and frequently does conceal poor draughtsmanship or poverty of imagination by the dexterity with which he plays off one color against another, the engraver allowed himself no such license. He made no bid for the approval of the thoughtless, who mistake the strongly sensuous feeling aroused in them by vibrant color for artistic appreciation. Hence, the aesthetic appeal of a rare print is only to the intellect, never to the emotions.

Today, print collecting remains as practically the only masculine hobby that has not been taken over by women, for there is no print worth serious consideration that will enhance the cozy charm of chintz. It may be an unchivalrous thing to say, but the average woman collector is interested only in articles that harmonize with other articles to form a background for her personality.

Pompadour's Interference

With the unobtrusive determination characteristic of their sex, women are still trying to mould print making and print collecting into genteel and precious pursuits, in spite of some historic failures. Two outstanding examples of women who have tried and failed are that pearl of propriety, the Marquise de Pompadour and a Belgian princess, Marie, Comtesse de Flandres. Like amateurs in other professions, their efforts, although they miscarried, had unfortunate results. In France, thanks to Pompadour's interference, engraving languished for over a century; and Marie's attempts to housebreak the great etcher, Felicien Rops, have done nothing to encourage the art in Belgium.

As well as being an art, engraving was a lucrative and important business until about the middle of the last century. Then the new process of photography superseded it. With the new process, facsimile reproductions and illustrations could be produced in a fraction of the time taken by engravers, and at a fraction of the cost. An occasional publisher, deploring the decline of an ancient art, might continue to use prints, as the *Century Magazine* did with the almost miraculously perfect woodcuts of Timothy Cole; but for all practical purposes, when photography stepped into the field, print making was doomed.

Before it died, the art blossomed in England with the most exquisite engravings the world has ever seen. There, at the last moment, the men who engraved the paintings of Turner reached a degree of delicacy in light and shade which far surpassed the achievements of the old masters. In fact, even today the work of Cooke, Goodall, Miller, Wilson and their colleagues stands as a high-water mark of human attainment, not likely ever to be excelled.

Although Wilson, the last of the line engravers of Turner's pictures, died in Toronto in 1892, his importance as an artist is deprecated there; probably lest it obscure the renown which he gained for exploits of greater local importance. Torontonians prefer to remember him only as Sir Daniel Wilson, the pedagogue who broke Bishop Strachan's grip on higher education, and turned what had been a group of sectarian colleges into a provincial university.

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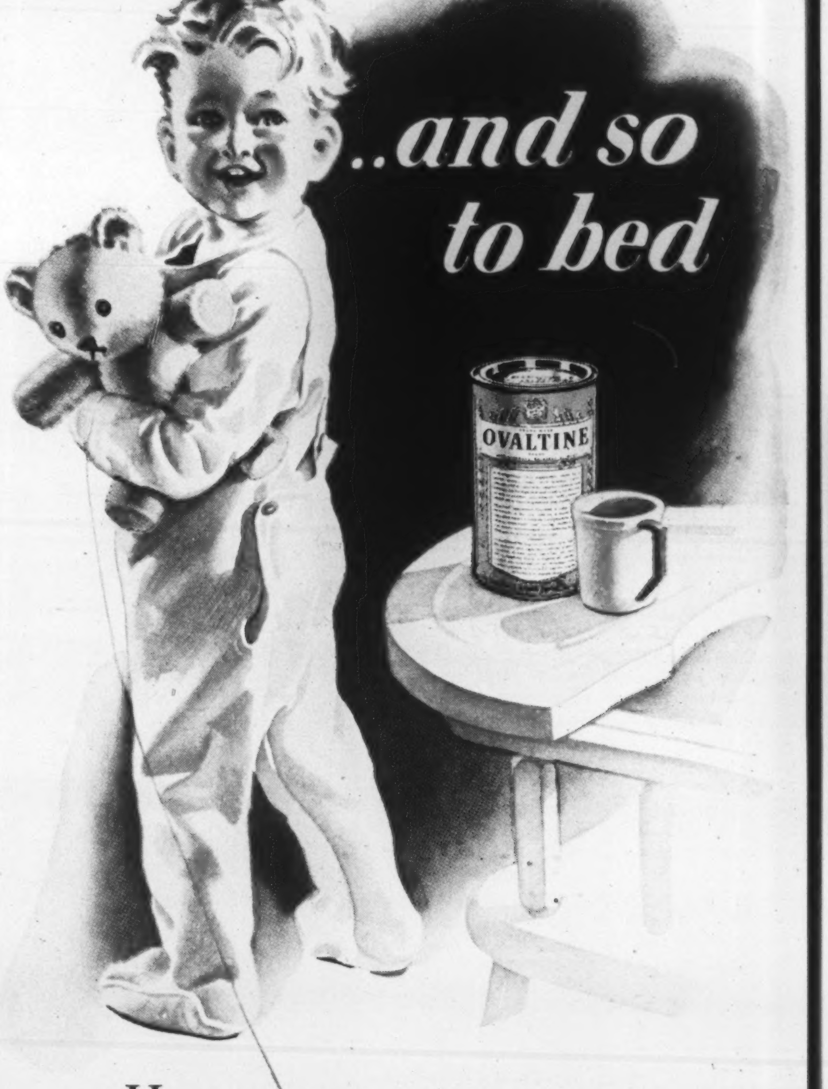

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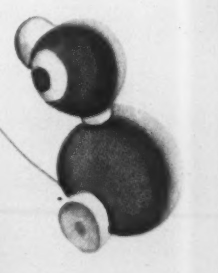

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OTHER PAGE

Old Saw and Modern Instance

By J. E. MIDDLETON

TWO boys of eight-going-on-nine, engaged in serious business, are in trouble. The toy handsaw has come apart and the work of making an orange-crate into a proper wagon-box is halted; permanently, unless something can be done.

The saw is but a poor tool when in perfect order. An iron frame, three sides of a rectangle, the fourth side being a thin saw-blade terminating in a red handle, boy-size! Now the blade hangs by one end and these eights-going-on-nine have their first experience of the essential cussedness of things-in-general.

Such experiences will multiply for them until they are sixty-eight-going-on-sixty-nine; and long after, if they disappoint the actuaries and the Psalmist. Daily they will see modern conveniences going mulishly inconvenient; taps dripping, light-bulbs burning out, drains clogging, street-cars colliding, collar-buttons rolling under bureaux, tires blowing-out, batteries failing. Gradually they will learn patience and technique. Now they have neither and stand perplexed.

"If my dad were here—." But each dad is immured in an office downtown, probably vexed by a rebellious typewriter, or a crippled elevator, or a balky fountain-pen, or a bursting sprinkler-system. The dads won't be home for hours and hours; and then they'll be tired.

THE mothers are somewhere about, but boys are sharply aware that mothers don't understand machinery. They know all about mashed potatoes and butter, bread and jam, even pumpkin pie with whipped cream, but if you showed them a "busted" saw they would say "Ask your father," and go on dusting the living-room, or beating eggs, or taking things out of the oven.

No; this problem is for a man, since the first axiom in a boy's creed is that men know all about everything. Unhappily some men seem to encourage the notion and even come to believe it themselves; being slow to realize that they are not God.

For the moment, no man is about; but only for the moment. Coming around the corner is the postman. For a time the boys look languidly at his active and purposeful walk as he calls at nearly every door, popping stuff into letter-boxes and wearing his heavy sack almost gaily.

Unfortunately, in boys' eyes, he seems to be one of the "busy people," not to be bothered by children of good manners, as mothers frequently have warned. "But he's a man, isn't he? And maybe we wouldn't bother him much."

SO the eights-going-on-nine approach him timidly, saying "Please, Mister, our saw's busted." They hold out the small wreck for inspection. The postman stops, shifts his sack to the other shoulder and says as he takes the tool, "Whaddye been doin' kids, hittin' it with an axe?"

"Oh no, please. We was sawing a board and it just came apart. Is it no good any more, or could it be fixed?"

"Have you a pair of pliers; pinchers, you know?"

One of the boys speeds into the house, dives down cellar, bobs to the surface and speeds back outdoors. Time, twelve seconds, flat. In his hand is the tool required. In his absence the other lad, watching the postman's nimble fingers working with a small bolt, merely says "Gee, Mister!" and waits in admiration.

Postie's know-how is perfect. The saw-blade is hooked into place, a loose bolt is tightened. The pliers are returned with the warning, "Now put this where you found it," and the boys have a saw as good as new; which wasn't too good.

"It's all right for sawing cheese," comments the postman, "but some boards are too tough for it."

"Oh, thanks Mister, thanks. You're swell."

Postie laughs, retrieves the handful of letters he had shoved into the sack and goes his way, brisk as ever.

Law and Morals, working for once in double harness, agree that any hired man owes all his working time to the boss who pays him. When the boss is the King, represented by a government which in turn represents all the people, the principle is as unyielding as nickel-steel.

Emergencies crop up, it is true. A postman may fall and sprain his ankle. Or a surly dog may nip a piece out of his leg. Has he any right to delay the mails while he consults a doctor? No! But the King is merciful and passes down the mercy through the Postmaster-General, the local Postmaster and the Inspector of Deliveries. So the postman is not docked for time off.

Or suppose a woman is knocked down by a motor-car, or the beginnings of a fire are observed. If a postman didn't pause to attend the woman, or to ring the fire-alarm, he'd be a dumbhead and should be dismissed; not for disobedience, but for observing the rules of the job too strictly.

BUT, you say, these are important occurrences; not like the collapse of a toy saw. By the way, who decides the relative importance of events? Always grown-up people who cheerfully assume that they know everything.

The great mass of grown-ups in and around Philadelphia, no doubt, decided that the flying of a kite in a thunderstorm was completely unimportant. Benjamin Franklin knew better.

Now concerning the eights-going-on-nine. A long time ago in a little country east of the Mediterranean a boy was practically ignored until he was twelve years old. A girl, fairly often, was merely an unfortunate incident; she ought to have been a boy. Nobody bothered with Child Psychology in those times.

Nevertheless, a wandering Teacher of distinction declared roundly that the man who offended a little child—sex not specified—might better jump into the sea with a millstone around his neck. Nobody believed him, of course. The grown-ups couldn't accept any such nonsense as that! And probably these same people were convinced that a State Entry of King Herod into Jerusalem for the opening of the assizes was a most important event.

But how can the mending of a toy saw be important? Not being God this morning, I don't know. But I know that the postman is a better man, and a more useful official for the doing of it, despite the fact that he was by-passing the Law and the Prophets of Government and Economics. And I know that the boys look with gratitude and respect to a government official with sense enough to be human.

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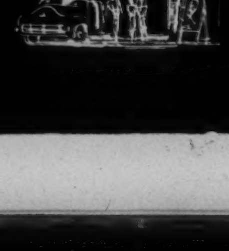

THE BUSINESS FRONT

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 23, 1948 *Rodney Grey, Asst. Financial Editor*

Men, Money, Equipment Are Needs Of Research Organization

By E. HOLT GURNEY

The Ontario Research Foundation, child of the Ontario government and far-sighted private business, fills a vital role in the program of research carried out for Canadian industry. Like any research organization its needs are competent men, adequate money, and supplies of the proper equipment.

E. Holt Gurney, Chairman of the Ontario Research Foundation, outlines the origin and organization of the Ontario Research Foundation and the Ontario Research Commission.

CHARLES F. KETTERING of General Motors was speaking of research in industry when he said that such research meant "the look of tomorrow in place of the look of yesterday". Canadian production largely settles the Canadian standard of living: how great is our activity in this tomorrow look business?

Not great enough, if one considers figures produced by the President of our National Research Council. Quoting his sources, he estimates that the money spent on research in the U.S.A. per capita is about double our Canadian expenditure. In the U.K. slightly less than the U.S.A., in Russia, 3 times. I am impressed by these first two figures and not by the last. Americans and Britishers will mean about the same thing as we do when they use the word research. What the Kremlin will include, I don't know.

No Duty On Knowledge

Of course, we benefit by American and British expenditures, particularly those by our neighbors to the south, where conditions most closely resemble our own. There is no duty on knowledge, and many American laboratories in industry render direct service to their branch plants in Canada. Because of widely varying conditions and problems in the need for research across Canada, most of the provincial governments have become spenders of money to buy this "tomorrow look". It is the purpose of this article to trace what has happened in this field in the province of Ontario.

It began in 1927. The then Premier, the late Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, offered to put dollar for dollar of government money with private subscribers to establish an Ontario Research Foundation for the purpose of serving industry and agriculture in Ontario. I know he expected that private subscriptions would be in the order of half a million dollars. They amounted to $1,600,000. The government of the day put up a corresponding amount, and the venture was launched. It has grown steadily since those days, and today employs a personnel of 130. Its income from industry alone today is larger than the return from the original endowment.

—N. F. B. Photo

In a "fugitometer" like this research workers test fading qualities of dyed fabrics. This is typical of the sort of tests daily carried on in a modern industrial research organization.

But the type of work it has done has varied widely even in this short period of twenty years. The detailed story of The Research Foundation's work is contained in annual reports, available to all who are interested. They record very important help rendered to both private industry and government departments in Ontario.

Immediately following the war, the Prime Minister of Ontario, George A. Drew, invited a group of men to meet him. All were interested in research from some angle. He stated that he considered appointing a commission to report to the Cabinet on research in Ontario, especially on how it affected government expenditure. The group stated that such a report could not help but be useful if it was prepared by competent people.

Almost immediately thereafter, such a commission was appointed. The men named were the Presidents of the University of Toronto, University of Western Ontario, Queen's University, McMaster University and Ontario Agricultural College; the Dean of Science at University of Toronto; the Chairman of the Hydro Commission; the writer, representing the Ontario Research Foundation; and three representatives of private business each with important research relationships.

Best Experts

The Commission's work extended over two and one-half years. They held 22 meetings, two of which lasted three days each. The method of operation was the appointment of advisory committees in about a score of different fields: agriculture, mining, and metallurgy, fisheries and wild life, etc. The Commission was successful in getting the best possible experts in each field, including members of the staff of both federal and provincial government departments.

At the end of the first year, the Commission recommended important expenditures to the Ontario government. Recommendations totalling over half a million dollars of expenditure were made, unanimously endorsed, and are in process of being carried out. The details of all this are contained in two reports issued by the provincial government. Such investigations cover such widely different questions as: Why do mine cables break? Why in some years, is there very bad commercial fishing in Lake Erie? Can we use low grade Northern Ontario iron deposits? What crops are most suitable to certain districts? How can small manufacturers be helped?

In the final report of the Commission, it was recommended that a permanent council be established to continue work with a change in the personnel of the council each year after the third year. This recommendation, too, was accepted and carried out by the government of Ontario. The original members of the council were substantially the same people who formed the Commission—and its first chairman, Dr. Wallace of Queen's has been the Commission chairman.

The problem facing the new Research Council of Ontario is: what next? It breaks into three: men, equipment, money.

The man-power problem is very difficult. The mainspring of all research must always be fundamental research, most of which should take place in the universities, at post-graduate level. Without this all the applied research is stultified, or dries up. Men with senior degrees, Ph.D. or higher, are a vital need in any research program worthy of the name.

Better Post-Graduate Work

Meanwhile, the teaching staffs in almost every university on this continent have been inundated with such numbers of undergraduates that no teaching staff, anywhere, has been adequate to give these men, mostly veterans, the training they came for, and at the same time, keep up the post-graduate standard. The University of Toronto alone has become rather more than twice as large as Oxford and Cambridge combined. Professors have had to shuttle back and forth between regular class rooms, churches, private houses, anywhere that classes could be accommodated, often to serve two shifts. There will be some relief as the veterans complete their courses. But with the natural growth of the country and the new appetite for higher education, real study must be given to the methods which will insure more and better post-graduate work.

An excellent start in this connection has been made by the Ontario Research Council. During the past year a sum of $50,000 has been made available by the government of Ontario, and this sum was used to support bursaries and fellowships for graduates engaged in scientific research. Very wisely, the emphasis is placed on fundamental research and the training of the young scientist.

On the equipment side, I can only write with knowledge of the problem at the Ontario Research Foundation, which must be the organization which will do most of the work in the applied research field. We are well equipped for the work of the next year. But judging by recent growth, especially the work for the small manufacturer we must now plan for more laboratories, probably on Queen's Park. The University of Toronto and the Research Foundation are the best of good neighbors and members of both staffs use each other's laboratories and libraries which are almost across the street from each other. The Ontario Research Foundation would be distinctly weaker if the University were not so close.

Absolutely Vital

Money? I am sure that this will be found. The work is so absolutely vital to all Ontario, and the cost so comparatively small that no forward-looking government will permit this cause to suffer. Research, like everything else, has gone up in cost, while endowments for research return less income with interest rates that have shrunk 30 per cent. Further, there has been some loss of research workers to the U.S.,—a serious matter but a natural one when we remember that the pay of University and research personnel in this province has not kept pace with either the cost of living in this country or offers from the U.S.A.

The Research Council plans a series of meetings this fall and winter; I prophesy that they will not find time hanging heavily on their hands!

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Business Angle which customarily appears in this space, will be resumed on Mr. Richards' return from vacation.

This is the Hawker Jet Fighter, designed primarily as a carrier-borne fighter provided with folding wings and deck landing gear. This plane, the N. 7/46, is typical of the many new aircraft Britain is producing in her drive to rearm. The program of rearming focuses on air power.

U.K. Rearming Keeps Metal Prices At High Levels

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The prices of metals to be made up into finished products are at abnormally high levels in the United Kingdom now.

Mr. Marston suggests that the British rearmament program will inevitably push the prices of light metals higher, and will complicate the dollar-saving plan. The main problem will be trying to get sufficient aluminium from Canada.

London.

BRITISH metal dealings present a strange appearance these days. Since there is no free market and all business is initiated by official bulk-purchase, prices change infrequently and sharply. The official buying organization, which in this case is the Ministry of Supply, does not necessarily keep its selling prices in line with world values, as does, for instance, the Raw Cotton Commission in the case of cotton; therefore, traders are in a state of uncertainty when there have been movements in world metal prices.

For a matter of months until the beginning of October U.K. prices were out of harmony with the New York equivalents—in the case of lead the discrepancy was very marked. Until the last moment no-one knew whether relatively low metal prices were a part of the disinflation policy or delay in raising them was due to the existence of long-term buying contracts which enabled the Ministry to continue to sell below world rates without making a loss. Rumor had it that decision about metal prices had been taken out of the hands of the Ministry of Supply and had become the personal responsibility of the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself.

The prospect is confusing. So far at least as Britain is concerned, demand is uncertain. Even when there was a distinct possibility that prices would be raised consumers showed no inclination to hold stocks, because there was hesitancy in the demand for fabricated products. Against the strength of the raw materials, there is a distinctly bearish appearance in the metal trades in general. No-one yet knows what effect rearmament will have on the position, and estimation of these effects is cautious. Evidently rearmament can stimulate demand for various types without causing any particular stringency.

For metals, however, Britain has still to pay considerable sums in dollars. Rhodesia is a main supplier of copper, Australia of lead and zinc; and tin, of course, does not cost dollars but earns them while Malaya and Nigeria are sterling countries. For aluminium Britain is largely dependent on Canada, and North American supplies of lead and zinc are indispensable. Current prices are a serious problem in the national accounts.

All the varied statistics on the subject agree that supplies of copper, lead, zinc, and aluminium, will fall short of requirements this year. The shortage of tin is not as acute as had been expected, and in any case prices are fixed with the producers on a longer-term basis. For the metals in mass use there is no indication of an early easing of prices. But in some quarters there is considerable doubt whether civilian demand will be maintained on the former scale at present prices. The chronic discussion on substitutes is not empty talk. There has, indeed, been substitution already of the older metals—including even steel—for the relatively new mass-scale metal, aluminium.

Focus On Aircraft

Britain's recent rearmament plans focus on the aircraft industry, and on this account the additional demand for metals is so far almost confined to aluminium. America's warplane program also makes a big call on this metal. Meantime, the substitution of aluminium for civilian use, on grounds of price alone, is not likely to be discouraged by recent price changes. The increase in the price of the light metal in Britain this month, just under 9 per cent, is more than the increase in copper, 6 per cent, but much less than the increases of 22½ and 25 per cent in zinc and lead, respectively. Aluminium is still an attractive proposition.

Both American and European consumers seem to think that Canada, a low-cost producer whose current output of some 350,000 short tons of aluminium a year compares with a maximum of about 500,000 short tons during the war, offers the best hope of increased supplies of the light metal. But it is not yet clear which consumers are likely to get the increased supplies, if they are available; and it is by no means certain that prices of aluminium can be stabilized on their present relatively favorable basis.

Obviously, if rearmament demand, and buying for the stock-piles are going to be on a further increased scale, prices of all the main metals can remain high for some years longer. But it is an axiom of the world metal markets that present prices are quite abnormal, are a dscouragement to consumption, and are likely to come down heavily when recession begins in earnest. It is to be hoped that in the meantime producers will not allow any further inflation of prices such as must adversely affect long-term development.

Australian Governments Help In Drive For New Houses

By N. LEMMON

The greatest internal difficulty facing Australia is the housing shortage. As in Canada, not enough homes were built during the depression years; the war stopped all private building. N. Lemmon, Minister for Works and Housing, describes how Australia governments are co-operating in a great housing drive. Both federal and state governments are participating in this attempt to build low-cost homes quickly and cheaply.

BIGGEST long-range problem for Australia is the housing shortage. This is Australia's only serious war aftermath. In all other respects the island-continent, because of her economic planning, has emerged from the war more prosperous, more progressive, and more optimistic of the future than at any other stage in her short history.

During the war all non-military building ceased. When peace came, the Commonwealth found itself with a deficit of 350,000 homes—including sub-standard and slum dwellings needing replacement. It was calculated that by 1955—10 years after VJ-Day—750,000 new dwellings would have to be built to overcome the shortage and satisfy current annual demand.

With characteristic thoroughness, Australia set about the problem on a nation-wide basis. Federal and state governments got together with private enterprise and organized the greatest rehousing drive in the nation's history. They started from scratch — but already the pre-war building rate has been exceeded. During 1947 more than 51,000 dwellings were started and nearly 40,000 completed. It is expected that soon the building rate will be half as much again as pre-war.

Let's have a look at the Australian home. Most are detached, and stand in their own gardens. The accepted density in city and suburban areas is five or six houses to an acre. More than half the dwellings in the Commonwealth are privately owned or being bought on instalment systems.

Standards are high. Typical dwellings have two or three bedrooms, a kitchen, dining-room and one or two other living-rooms. New houses built since the war, though generally of five rooms, are somewhat smaller in area, due to increased costs making economics necessary and to building restrictions imposed to make the supply of men and materials go further.

Amenities include a gas, electric or fuel stove, a water-heating system, a porcelain bath with shower and a separate lavatory. Refrigerators are becoming more plentiful, and lower-income families usually have ice-chests. The laundry, usually separate from the main building, often has a gas or fuel copper and steel or cement troughs.

Owing to the warm climate central heating is practically non-existent. In southern areas and inland, where winter nights can be very cold, fireplaces are provided, and in winter some form of room heating is needed in other places; gas-fires, electric radiators or slow-combustion stoves are popular in the newer houses.

Dwellings are usually of brick, timber, or timber-framed with asbestos-cement lining. In Melbourne, brick veneer has become popular. Up in Queensland, where it is always warm, wooden construction is popular and the houses stand on high wooden piles, giving a cool current of air under the dwelling and providing useful "under-the-house" space. In Adelaide and Sydney, brick construction is most used.

Shortages Being Overcome

Building a new home, however, presents difficulties. It may take anything from 12 to 18 months, owing to shortages. These are gradually being overcome. Increasing numbers of houses are being built through government or government-sponsored schemes Under an agreement between the federal government and the states, the latter are building homes for rental to lower income groups.

Migrants are registered with a state housing authority after six months' residence, but in the main their date for obtaining a home depends upon their success in the regular housing ballots.

One has to be fortunate to buy a house on the open market. When a dwelling goes up for auction, bidding generally reaches the pegged price and a ballot is usually necessary to find the lucky buyer. Today's price for a five-roomed house in a fairly good area is from $6,000 to $8,000. Rents of furnished and unfurnished houses are controlled and the price of land and houses is pegged at a figure little above pre-war value, but these controls are about to pass from the federal government to the separate state governments, and there may be changes.

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BUSINESS BRIEFS

AT the annual general meeting of shareholders of the National Steel Car Corporation the following directors were re-elected: Hugh N. Baird, Montreal, Quebec; Robert S. Hart, Hamilton, Ontario; Russell D. Bell, Montreal, Quebec; A. Van Hassel, New York, N.Y.; Glyn Osler, K.C., Toronto, Ontario; Leo C. McCloskey, Galt, Ontario; Louis L. Lang, Kitchener, Ontario.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held following the shareholders' meeting, the following officers were re-elected: Hugh N. Baird, chairman; Robert S. Hart, president; A. Van Hassel, vice president; O. H. Anderson, vice president; A. W. Fraser, vice president; Glyn Osler, K.C., executive director; H. J. Farnan, secretary-treasurer; J. A. Kendall, asst. secy.-treas.

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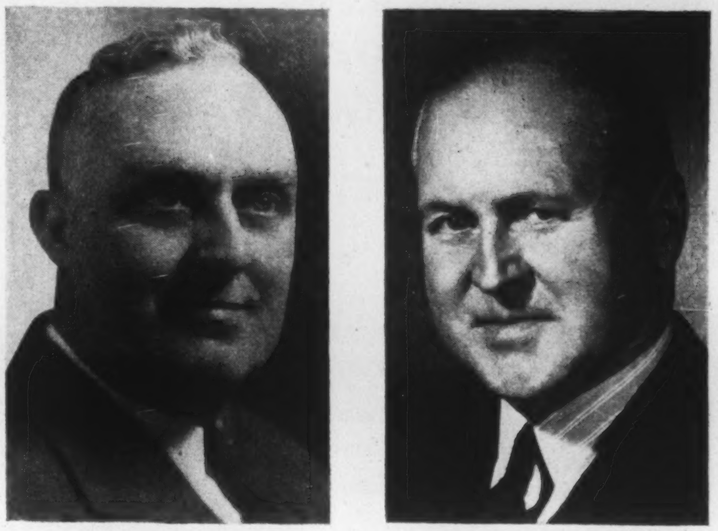
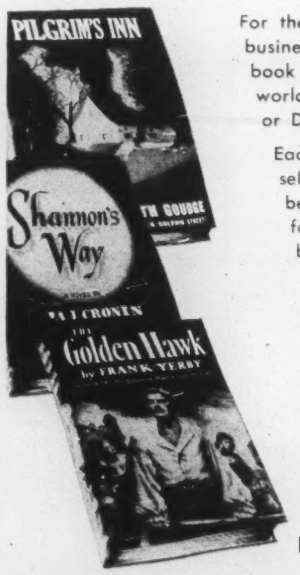
IMPRESSIVE ceremonies marked the opening of International Harvester of Canada's new motor truck plant at Chatham, Ontario. Before an assembled gathering of leaders in industry and commerce, employees, company officials, civic leaders, members of parliament, representatives of the press and radio, the plant was declared officially opened by C. W. Lockard, president, International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd. The opening date, September 30, marked the completion of 2½ years of intensive building activity on the 44-acre site located a mile and a quarter west of downtown Chatham, Ontario.



F. W. ST. LAWRENCE R. A. ROBERTSON

W. Garfield Weston, chairman of the board of George Weston Limited, announces the appointment of F. W. St. Lawrence as vice-chairman of the board of George Weston Limited and R. A. Robertson as president and managing director.



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E. R. TAYLOR

W. Garfield Weston, chairman of the board of George Weston Limited, announces the appointment of J. A. Chambers as vice-president and general manager of George Weston Limited and E. R. Taylor, of Toronto, as vice-president and general manager of the Company's Burbank, California plant, newest and largest of George Weston Limited's operations.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Answer To Gold Mine's Troubles Still Felt To Be Open Market

By JOHN M. GRANT

AS THE "most spectacular, if not one of the most important" pieces of legislation put through this year, the Gold Mining Assistance Act and its history, is dealt with in detail in the annual report of the directors of the Ontario Mining Association for 1947-48. Canada's gold problem is described as a $100 million-a-year question. That $200 million addition to our national pocket-book in 1941 through gold production has now been cut in half, due not to exhaustion of our gold resources, but a combination of other causes. Regarding governmental efforts to assist the gold industry, the report states, "never at any time did the Gold Committee or the Ontario Mining Association ask for a subsidy or bonus. The views of the industry were at all times broad and looking to placing the industry again in a position where its product could be sold on the open markets to the highest bidder, unhampered by artificial controls. It still feels that in this way lies not only a proper solution of the difficulties presently besetting the gold producers, an assurance to the municipalities and other businesses dependent in whole or part on a flourishing gold mining industry, an assurance that money may be hopefully risked in the search for and development of new mines, but a guarantee that Canada and the nations of the world can get back to a free exchange position of their currencies so much needed today to permit unhampered expansion of foreign trade."

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The report of the Ontario Mining Association indicates that only 11 mines out of Ontario's 36 producers and which in turn produce only 13 per cent of Ontario's gold, will receive assistance in an amount that even approaches the loss in selling price—$3.50 per ounce—experienced as a result of arbitrarily placing Canada's dollar at parity with that of the United States. They will receive an average of $2.94 per ounce on their production. On the other hand they are the so-called marginal mines and will be helped to that extent and encouraged to stay in business against the time when the artificial but binding controls on the marketing and price of gold may be lifted.

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A. L. Blomfield, of Kirkland Lake, president of the Ontario Mining Association, points out in the foreword that there is a growing number of Canadians who appreciate the opportunity of understanding more fully the relationship between Ontario's mining industry and their own welfare. It was the response which last year greeted the first publication for public distribution of the Association's annual report that "encourages us to issue this second volume," he states. The position of Ontario's mining industry in Canadian economy is very important, he adds, as all of Canada's nickel, platinum metals, iron ore and magnesium production, some 63 per cent of Canada's gold output and large percentages of Canada's silver, copper and other metals are produced in Ontario. Ontario's total metal production is shown as $203 million in 1947 as compared with $157 million in 1946—an increase of 29 per cent. The dollar value of nickel-copper production is shown as back at its wartime peak; but gold production, another important source of U.S. funds, shows a decline of 47 per cent.

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Dividends paid by Ontario gold mines provide a graphic illustration of the adverse conditions in which this industry now operates, the report of the Ontario Mining Association points out. Rising steadily for many years the dividend payments by Ontario gold mines averaged over $30 million a year in the 5-year period to 1941. Dividend payments in that single year totalled $35.5 million. By 1946, the decline in earnings had been such that dividend payments totalled only $15.5 million and in 1947, totalled $13 million, a decrease of $22.5 million from the 1941 payments. The depressed conditions in Ontario's gold industry are further shown by figures on employment and wages. In 1941, Ontario had 19,362 wage earners in gold mining getting an average annual wage of $1,855; by 1946, this number had dropped to 12,796 workers, getting an average annual wage of $2,019. Including taxes, the cost of producing an ounce of gold in Ontario had risen from $26.64 in 1941 to $29.77 in 1947, with the mines getting $3.50 an ounce less for their gold.

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Another important piece of legislation, the 1948 amendment to the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Act is analyzed in the Ontario Mining Association annual report, showing that "it has imposed on industry of today a liability variously estimated to cost the employers in schedule 1 from $8 million to $12 million in capitalized value, by increasing the pension payments awarded to dependents of pensioners in prior years, to the increased rates prevalent today. "Pension payments to these groups currently being paid," states the report, "were capitalized and charged in full to industry in the year in which the accident took place. Now, however, industry of today is being asked to assume a new bill for the increase given to persons with no connection with present industry; indeed in many cases in the mining industry, the bill is being charged to mines presently operating on account of mines that have been closed down and out of business for years. The mining industry believes that any compassionate increases of this nature which may be justified on the basis of changing conditions, should be made a charge to the general tax rate and not to compensation."

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An additional 700 displaced persons have been asked for by the mining industry, according to the Canadian Metal Mining Association, which is directing the project. The original quota of about 2,300 "D.P.'s" are working in mines from Quebec to the Yukon, and almost without exception are rapidly establishing themselves as good workers and good citizens. Selection of the additional 700 has already started in Europe and it is expected the men will begin to arrive this fall.

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In the first six months of the current year Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines was able to maintain its earnings as a result of the Emergency Gold Mining Assistance Act. A lower grade of ore was treated as compared with the corresponding period of 1947 and operating costs increased. Net profits in the half-year amounting to $646 679, equivalent to 13.14 cents per share, as compared with $647,104 or 13.15 cents in the first half of last year. Estimated cost-aid assistance totalled $345,495. The company handled 605,700 tons of ore in the six months to June 30, recovering $4,769,248, an average of $7.87 per ton, as compared with production of $4,718,250 from 586,732 tons, or $8.04 per ton, in the first half of 1947. Operating costs of approximately $7.15 per ton were 23 cents above those last year.

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While the original schedule did not call for milling before the spring of 1949 it is now hoped that Reeves MacDonald Mines, just north of the international boundary in the Salmo district of Southern British Columbia, will be in production before the end of the present year. Milling will be accomplished with two 500-ton units, similar to the system in effect at the Pend Oreille mine, which company controls it, but only the first unit will be put into commission at the start. Underground development is well advanced and there is no scarcity of ore. In the No. 1 orebody, which will supply all millfeed for a long time to come, ore reserves are estimated at between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 tons averaging 1.3 per cent lead, 6.3 per cent zinc and 0.33 oz. silver per ton. All of this ore is situated above the main-haulage level and adjacent to the ore pass now being driven.

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An exploratory shaft is planned for the property of Carshaw Porcupine Mines, Carman and Shaw townships, southeast of South Porcupine, to test indications obtained during an extensive diamond drilling campaign. An average grade of better than $12 is reported indicated from the drilling, and more than 100,000 tons of ore outlined. The shaft has probe possibilities from 125 feet underground. Some preliminary work is to be carried out this fall.

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Earnings of Teck-Hughes Gold Mines for the first eight months of the current year are more than double the like period of 1947. Net profit this year, after taking into consideration the $28,669 received under the Gold Mining Assistance Act, was $392,559, equal to 8.17 cents per share, while in the same eight months last year, net profit was $171,618, equal to 3.57 cents per share. The main reason for the big increase was the greater amount received from Lamaque Gold Mines, which it controls, in the form of dividends. The amount received from this source was $338,216, against $108,352 a year ago. Net profit of Lamaque for the eight months this year was $456,497, equal to 15.2 cents per share, compared with $342,130, or 11.4 cents in the same period last year. Daily mill tonnage at Lamaque was increased from 713 tons in January to over 1,000 tons in August. Production for the latest period was $1,587,676 from 217,310 tons, against $1,192,138 from 130,765 tons a year ago.

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Inability to secure finances to continue development has forced Joburke Gold Mines, in the Groundhog River area, to suspend operations until conditions improve. It originally was planned to close down in August, but with a northern Ontario gold producer displaying interest in the property the management decided to hang on a little longer. However, it was felt by this producer that operating conditions were not propitious and

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a quarterly dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on November 15, 1948, to shareholders of record at close of business October 29, 1948.

By order of the Board.
W. W. McBRIEN,
October 13, 1948. Secretary-Treasurer.

they decided not to enter the picture. In underground work some of the favorable sections discovered by surface drilling were reached and drifting disclosed several ore lengths. Sufficient funds are on hand to keep the plant and buildings in good shape until operations are resumed.

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Noranda Mines was judged as having the best 1947 annual report of the mining industry by an independent board of judges for the Financial World Annual Report Survey. The bronze "Oscar of Industry" trophy will be presented at the annual awards banquet in the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, October 21. The report was the twenty fifth and marked "a quarter century of achievement."

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Anglo-Rouyn Mines, in Rouyn township, northwestern Quebec, adjoining Powell Rouyn mine to the north, has completed arrangements for the custom treatment of its ore in the latter company's mill. A bank loan is being secured to provide necessary working capital to place the property on a producing basis.

Shipments to the mill will be at a rate of 200 tons daily until the dump containing 6,000 tons of ore has been cleaned up when the rate will drop to 125-150 tons daily. Substantial ore lengths have been developed on three levels down to 900 feet, from which, it is estimated, a reasonable operating profit can be obtained, even after paying hauling, and custom milling, charges. Ore reserves as at December 31, 1947, down to the 525-foot horizon, were estimated at 79,823 tons, grading $7.35 per ton.

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The Ontario Department of Mines has appointed D. F. Hewitt to the permanent staff of the Geological Branch, and he will devote his full attention to the industrial minerals of the province. The appointment of Mr. Hewitt increases the number of permanent members of the geological staff to 12. This number includes four resident geologists located in the mining areas of northern Ontario.

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A block of over 500,000 shares of Mining Corporation of Canada has been purchased from large private holders of the stock by Noranda Mines and Waite Amulet Mines, at a price of $12.50 per share. (Noranda owns 68% of Waite Amulet.) The deal appears to be another of the many astute participations and investments Noranda has made. The future of Mining Corporation appears bright. Quemont in which it owns 1,108,728 shares is scheduled to reach production next spring on a 2,000 ton basis. Torbrit Silver Mines, in which it holds 2,000,000 shares, will reach production this winter, and Normetal Mining Corporation, in which 1,919,665 shares were held at the end of 1947, is growing, and so far this year has paid 18 cents a share in dividends. Mining Corporation also has large holdings of Hudson Bay and Kerr-Addison. Noranda has followed a policy closely paralleling that of many similar organizations in the United States, with equally successful results.

•

A complete milling plant, with capacity of 100 to 125 tons per day, has been purchased by Discovery Yellowknife Mines to replace the one lost on Great Slave Lake, following the sinking of three Northern Transportation barges. The new plant includes all crushing, conveying, grinding and classification units, complete cyanidation and refinery equipment, piping, electrical and heating installations. The equipment was purchased new by Caribou Hudson Gold Mines and only operated for a period of eight months. Dismantling and trucking of the equipment is now underway and delivery is said to be assured not later than the time planned for arrival of the original milling plant. Construction is proceeding and production is expected early next summer as previously announced.

•

Until an adequate supply of hydro power is available the management of Croinor Pershing Mines, Pershing township, northwestern Quebec, is not anxious to entertain definite production plans, hence proposals for a financing program to bring the property into production on a basis of 500 tons a day, are being held in abeyance. At last report operations had been reduced to one shift engaged in driving the west heading on the 500-foot level. In development work on four levels to a depth of 500 feet it is estimated approximately 500,000 tons of ore grading around $7 per ton has been placed in sight. This includes only 11,000 tons from the recently-opened west zone which is showing high grade results in underground development. Estimates are that approximately $800,000 will be required for completing development and building the mill, of which amount $100,000 would be in the form of a guarantee covering cost of a transmission line into Perishing township.

•

A loss of $113,587 is reported by Chromium Mining and Smelting Corporation, before providing for depreciation and amortization, for the year ended April 30, 1948. This loss, Leo H. Timmins, president, states, was entirely due to lack of power. Operations are still hampered by the shortage of power and is still only operating at 56% of its potential. The Great Lakes Power Company is however, enlarging the capacity of its water storage and it is expected a continuous supply of power will be assured. Indicative of Chromium's ability to earn under present tariff arrangements is the result obtained during one month's operation when sufficient power was available to operate at 83% of productive capacity. During that period earnings were in excess of $47,000 after all charges except depreciation and amortization.

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 342

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of TWENTY CENTS per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th October, 1948.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office, 119 St. James Street West, Montreal on MONDAY, the SIXTH day of DECEMBER next.

The chair to be taken at 11 o'clock A.M.

By Order of the Board,
GORDON R. BALL,
General Manager.
Montreal, 12th October, 1948.

HOME OIL
COMPANY LIMITED
Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the outstanding capital stock of the Company payable in Canadian funds, on the 15th day of December, 1948, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 10th day of November, 1948, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board.

By Order of the Board.
J. W. HAMILTON,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Calgary, Alberta,
October 13th, 1948.

Gordon A. Snell

Who has been appointed Vice-President (Canadian Central and Western Division) of the 1948 Leaders Club of the world-wide Prudential Assurance Co. of England by virtue of his outstanding record of sales and service to his policyholders. Mr. Snell has the further distinction of being second only to the leading Canadian field underwriter of the Prudential of England in respect of total life insurance in force.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Favorable Earnings Ahead

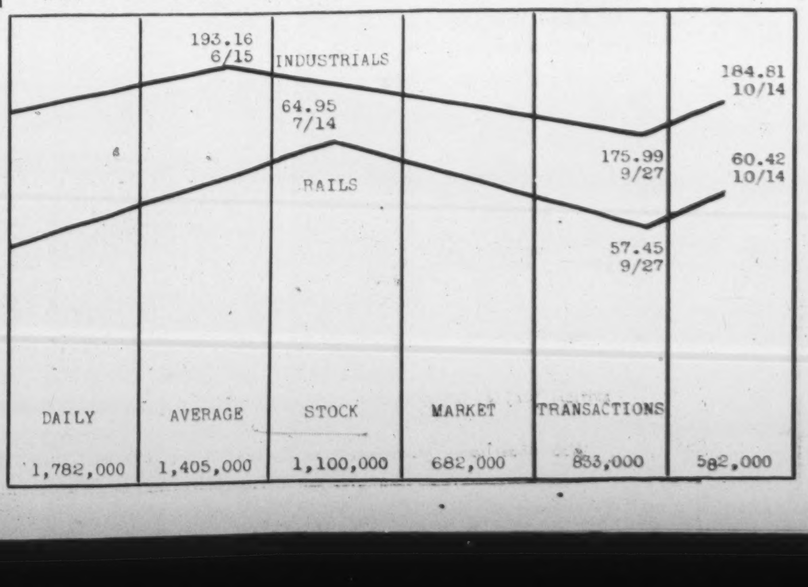
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N. Y. AND CANADIAN MARKET TREND: Primary trend upward. Barring war, movement could extend well into 1949. Intermediate trend downward since the June-July peaks.

Stock market action of the past two years, with its series of up and down movements in a fairly broad horizontal panel, is not unlike that between early 1938 and early 1940. Then, as now, a favorable earnings picture was offset by an adverse war psychology, with the result that backward and forward swings occurred as one factor or the other gained momentary emphasis. There will soon be injected into the current picture one new influence—the American presidential election. There is a possibility that its result will swing the balance on the optimistic side. If so, this will be signalled, in due course, by the action of the averages as discussed herein from week to week.

Meanwhile, it appears that earnings will continue favorable over the year ahead, with yields good and rising. Accordingly, we regard the market as in a broad accumulation area and, for those willing to look on the war risk as negligible, would use present weakness to complete stock acquisitions.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Canada 3¼% due November 15th, 1948-51
Canada 1¾% due November 1st, 1948
Ontario 5% due October 15th, 1948
Ontario 3¼% due November 1st, 1948-50

If so *you* will lose income unless you arrange for prompt re-investment.

We shall be glad to assist you. It is only necessary to write or telephone our nearest office and we will look after all details of the redemption of your Bonds as well as suggesting suitable securities for re-investment.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Some Results Shown Of Operating Bank Deposit Insurance in U.S.

By GEORGE GILBERT

As a result of the epidemic of bank failures in the United States in 1933, the central government at Washington set up the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in order to provide a measure of protection to bank depositors in the future.

While the operations of the corporation have been highly successful, as there have been fewer bank failures in the last 14 years than in any other similar period, it is admitted a danger exists that depositors will forget about the need of this safety factor which has been added to the banking structure.

FOLLOWING the severe bank crisis of 1933 in the United States, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation was created the next year by the American government to protect bank depositors from losses up to a certain amount, $5,000, arising from bank failures. Under this deposit insurance law, two methods are made available for protecting the depositors of insured banks which are in financial difficulties. One is for the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation to make an advance to facilitate the assumption of the deposit liabilities of a weak or insolvent bank by another insured bank in the same or nearby community. The other procedure is the closing of the insured bank and the payment by the corporation of the amount due each depositor up to the insured maximum of $5,000 as quickly thereafter as claims can be verified.

It is pointed out in the annual report of the corporation that the merger procedure has proved the more advantageous of the two methods, as in the community where the weak or insolvent bank is located business is not disturbed by an interruption of banking service, and as all depositors are protected, even those who have deposit balances in excess of $5,000. The experience of the corporation, it is stated, has indicated that its loss is less, relative to the amount of insured deposits, than when a bank is placed in receivership, as only that part of the assets not acceptable to the absorbing bank is subjected to liquidation, other costs of receivership are avoided, and there is less adverse effect upon property values.

Year's Activities

During the past year the corporation aided five banks which were experiencing difficulties, and in each case these banks were merged with another insured bank. These five banks had total deposits of $7,000,000 in 10,618 accounts, of which 197, or less than 2 per cent, had balances of more than $5,000 at the time the banks were examined in connection with the plans for merger; and 14 per cent of the total deposits would not have been insured under the $5,000 limitation had the banks been placed in receivership.

In 1947 the principal disbursements of the corporation in connection with protection of depositors amounted to $2,051,051, of which $1,724,000 was disbursed for the five banks which were merged during the year, while the remainder comprised additional disbursements in connection with banks closed in earlier years. It is noted that in the case of one bank which had been placed in receivership in 1938, an additional payment of $5,000 was made due to settlement of pending litigation.

In the 14 years of operation, 1934 to 1947, inclusive, the corporation protected more than 1,320,000 depositors in 404 closed insured banks, the deposits of which exceeded $512,000,000. The disbursements of the corporation amounted to $264,000,000, exclusive of advances for the protection and maintenance of collateral and the amount expended for liquidation expenses which are recoverable. Including these advances and expenses, the corporation's disbursements were $308,000,000.

Fidelity Cover Needed

One of the significant facts disclosed in the report was that in about one-fourth of the closed insured banks in which protection was afforded depositors, defalcation was the principal cause of failure, showing the need of more adequate fidelity bond protection against such losses. It is pointed out that a sample survey of insured banks examined in 1947 indicated that less than one-half of the banks were meeting even the minimum standard suggested by the banks themselves through the American Bankers Association.

It is emphasized that since bank stockholders must bear, to the extent of their total capital, losses which exceed the amount of the insurance protection, it is to their direct advantage to provide a safe margin of protection. The deposit insurance corporation, bank supervisory agencies and the bankers association have called to the attention of bankers the rapid expansion of bank assets since 1941 which necessitates an examination of the adequacy of the fidelity coverage.

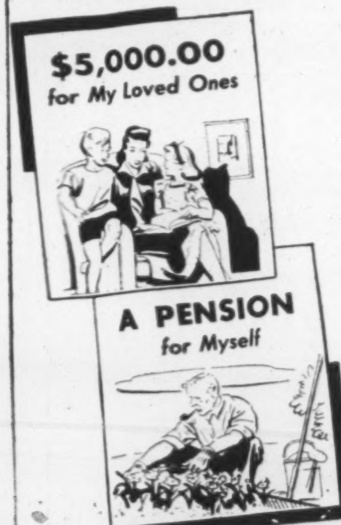
While the corporation was created to protect bank depositors from losses arising from bank failures, the value of this deposit insurance depends not only upon the ability of the corporation to fulfil its responsibilities but also upon a continued awareness on the part of bank depositors of the protection afforded by the insurance, as memories of the banking failures of 1933 are fading: in fact, as pointed out, a large proportion of present-day bank depositors have never had any personal experience with a banking crisis, the number of banking failures in the last 14 years being smaller than in any other period of similar length.

Loss to Depositors

Since its inception the corporation has protected the depositors of banks scattered over a wide area throughout the United States, being located in 40 of the 48 states. But over one-half of the banks were located in seven states. Only 2,867 depositors in the closed banks, or about one-fifth of 1 per cent of the total number of depositors, experienced any loss. In the report their losses are estimated at about $2,000,000.

It is also pointed out that loss to depositors has occurred only in case of banks placed in receivership. Almost four-fifths of the deposits in all insured banks placed in receivership were paid by the corporation. It is also stated that of the remaining deposits a large part was fully covered by offset against sums due to the bank by the depositors, by pledge of security, in the case of public funds, or by payment from the first proceeds of liquidation because of preferred status. The deposits not protected in any of these ways, and therefore dependent for repayment entirely upon a proportionate share of the proceeds of liquidation, amounted to less than 10 per cent of the total deposits of the banks placed in receivership.

Under the bank deposit insurance law, the corporation is appointed receiver by the Comptroller of the Currency for all national banks placed in receivership and may be appointed receiver or liquidator for closed state banks. Of the 245 insured banks



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As in all other industries, insurance plays its vital role in mining . . . giving needed protection and providing indemnification from financial loss. It shoulders risks which men would be unable to assume without insurance . . . loss from fire, accident, theft, embezzlement. Insurance exerts a stabilizing influence . . . giving confidence in the future to men of vision and enterprise.

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placed in receivership in the 14 years 1934-1947, the corporation served as receiver for 77. Of the total number placed in receivership, 219 have been liquidated and the receiverships terminated. At the end of 1947 only 26 receiverships were still active. The 5 national and 5 state banks remaining in receivership at Dec. 31, 1947 for which the corporation was receiver had deposits at the time of closing of $11,000,000. The 16 state banks remaining in receivership, for which the corporation was not acting as receiver, had deposits of $37,000,000 at the time of failure.

By agreement with state banking authorities, the corporation, the report states, obtains quarterly reports from the receivers or liquidators for closed banks in which deposit insurance payments have been made but for which the corporation is not receiver, and these reports, together with the records regarding the banks for which the corporation is receiver, provide information on the final results of liquidation of insured banks placed in receivership.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to have your opinion as to what constitutes "Total and Permanent Disability" as it appears in policies sold by life insurance companies. Recently there have been several opinions or decisions by the Courts against insurance companies which have contested such claims by policyholders. Some time ago I made a claim for disability benefit on a policy which contained a three months' clause. The company's reply was that before I could collect I must prove that I would be unable to perform any work whatsoever during the remainder of my life. According to court decisions, it appears to me that the company must pay during the period that the disability exists, and that it is not essential that disability must continue for life. When the company refuses to accept the findings of its own physicians, what recourse has the policyholder?

—M. M., Toronto, Ont.

When an insured makes a claim under the Total and Permanent Disability provision of a life insurance policy, he does not have to prove that he will be unable to perform any work whatsoever during the remainder of his life, but he does have to show that he has been totally disabled during the period specified in the policy, whether three or six months, or whatever the time may be, which must elapse before a claim may be made. In your case the period specified is three months. It has been held that a total and permanent disability "which continuously renders it impossible for the insured to follow a gainful occupation," or is such that the insured is "incapable of engaging in any occupation for remuneration or profit," does not require that the insured be incapable of doing anything, but means that the disability must be of such a character as to prevent the insured from engaging in such livelihood as he might fairly be expected to follow in view of his station, circumstances and physical and mental capabilities. The insured has the right to take action in the courts to enforce his claim.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

I have been informed that the volume of automobile insurance transacted in the province of Manitoba in recent years has shown a very large increase. Are official figures available showing the actual increase which has taken place during the past few years in automobile insurance premiums, and also the losses which have been incurred in the business?

J. C. H., Brandon, Man.

Tables published by the Manitoba Insurance Department show the automobile insurance premiums earned and the losses incurred in Manitoba of the various Dominion registered companies licensed to do business in the province for the five years, 1943 to 1947, inclusive. The totals for each of the five years are as follows: 1943—premiums, $1,052,698; losses, $313,538. 1944—premiums, $1,013,159; losses, $379,900. 1945—premiums, $1,158,606; losses, $574,232. 1946—premiums, $1,795,943; losses, $1,037,926. 1947—premiums, $2,363,290; losses, $1,315,973. That is, during the five years the earned premiums have increased from $1,052,698 to $2,363,290, while the incurred losses have increased from $313,538 to $1,315,973.

Six-storey apartment buildings recently erected at Walthamstow in London's East End. Many of the occupants lost homes in the blitz.

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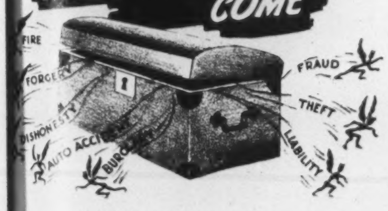

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HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG

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is hereby given that the China Fire Insurance Company Limited having ceased to carry on business in Canada, has reinsured its liabilities in Canada, in the Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited, which is registered under the Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act, 1932, as amended, to transact business in Canada, and will apply to the Minister of Finance for the release on the 29th day of November, 1948, of the securities on deposit with the Minister of Finance; and that any Canadian policyholder opposing such release should file his opposition thereto with the Minister of Finance, Ottawa, on or before the 29th day of November, 1948.

Dated at Toronto, Ont., this 13th day of August, 1948.

COLIN E. SWORD
Chief Agent for Canada

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SCIENCE FRONT

Value Of Fluorine Is Questioned In Prevention Of Tooth Decay

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

SCIENTIFIC research projects frequently swing to extremes just as activities in other fields reach "craze" states and quickly drop out of public interest. One of the scientific projects bordering on the "craze" state involves the inquiries into the effect of fluorine on tooth decay.

An announcement from the Dental Clinic of the University of Chicago carries the optimistic suggestion: "Ten cents per year per capita for sodium fluoride for the city's drinking water supply may be the means for mass prevention of tooth decay." The judgment of scientific societies, based on an objective analysis of results, finds cause for no such optimism either in connection with adding fluorine to drinking water or applying fluorine solutions to the teeth as washes.

The Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association warns that bone meal or tablets containing fluorine added to the diet may constitute a definite health hazard. In its report adopted some months ago it stated:

"Though probably not dangerous in amounts recommended for daily consumption, fluoride added to diets already high in fluorine content, or consumed in areas where the water supplies contain significant concentrations of fluorine, may constitute a health hazard."

Fluorine, the report continued, may be conceded to be one of the dietary factors essential during the development of the teeth but "available evidence does not indicate whether they are important after tooth formation is completed." Many long-term research projects are under way throughout the country, including one at Kingston, N.Y., with a surrounding area for comparison, to determine the effect of adding fluorine to the water supply, or studying communities with fluorine in the natural water supply compared with others in which it is lacking.

Typical reports show that where the water supply contained between 1 and 2 parts per million of fluorine the children in their teens, having all their permanent teeth, exhibit about 30 per cent fewer decay areas on their teeth, as compared with the children whose drinking water contains no fluorine or less than one part per million. This fluorine relationship is not universally true. Dr. Robert S. Downs, Colorado State Director of Dental Health, and Dr. Frederick S. McKay found the situation completely reversed in Montrose, Col., and near-by areas, they reported in *The American Journal of Public Health.*

Improvements from the right amount of fluorine in the water seem quite real but they are not uniformly distributed among all the children. Some show a high resistance to tooth decay while others exhibit little beneficial effect. This lack of uniformity is also found in the areas where the fluorine is lacking.

Constitutional factors in the individual would appear to be the dominant agent in determining whether the teeth would be good or bad and whether they would respond strongly or slightly to healthful factors such as fluorine.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

(*Continued from Page 8*)

79th or the 80th Congresses. Under his leadership, critics say, the Democratic party virtually fell apart, with Henry Wallace galloping off toward Moscow with the left-wing element, and the Dixiecrats taking over the Southern wing. It is to be expected that the voters will decide the election on the basis of what will be best for the country during the next four years and upon which leadership offers hope for a solution of domestic and foreign problems.

It is obviously difficult to make a positive prediction on the overall Nov. 2 outcome. There are many factors involved: the size of the total vote, how tickets will be split in each state, what Wallace and the South will do. Yet the most objective analysis of voting possibilities now points to a complete Republican victory, not only in the White House but in the Senate and House as well. While the G.O.P. might lose some of those shaky Senate seats, it is now argued that they will probably make these up elsewere.

The Republicans now have 51 and the Democrats 45 of the Senate seats. Because senatorial terms end at different times it is predicted that the G.O.P. could lose this lead.

The G.O.P. could also lose House strength without losing control. There is talk that the Democrats may gain strength in the House side. Republicans have 246 Representatives —218 is a majority—the Democrats 187, and American Labor Party, 2. Unlike the staggered Senate terms, the entire House comes up for election every two years.

The assumption that the Republicans are "in" has been a serious handicap to the G.O.P. money-raisers who want that "Victory Special" campaign train to keep rolling and those network broadcasts to continue to reach radio listeners. G.O.P. National Chairman Hugh D. Scott sadly reported that the party had raised only $2,500,000 of the $4,000,000 permitted by the law for the campaign, simply because victory was taken for granted. From every quarter, the Republican campaigners are exhorting workers to keep plugging with everything they have got between now and Nov. 2, with special emphasis on the Congressional elections but without taking it for granted that Dewey is elected.

"Protest" Vote

Another factor clouding the final outcome, beyond the general impression that Dewey is to be the next President, is the expected size of the "protest" vote. Many citizens will not be casting ballots "for" their candidate of their choice so much as they are voting "against" someone else. This is true of the Dixiecrats.

The Republican campaigners have refrained pretty largely from the name-calling, rough-and-tumble tactics that Mr. Truman has exploited. They have kept their campaign on a similar lofty level to that employed by Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

They have made specific promises, have even gone so far as to pledge themselves to many of the social reforms that President Truman unsuccessfully sought from Congress. They have maintained bipartisanship of U.S. foreign policy, despite Mr. Truman's luckless attempt to bypass Secretary of State Marshall and send Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow to try to solve the Berlin crisis.

Because it epitomizes the tack taken by Mr. Truman in his campaign, we list the President's satirical analysis of the Republican stand on major issues. He says the G.O.P.: "Approves of the American farmer—but is willing to help him go broke. Stands four-square for the American home—but not for housing. Is strong for labor—but is stronger for restricting its rights. Favors a minimum wage—the smaller the minimum the better. Endorses educational opportunity for all — but it won't spend money for teachers or schools.

"Thinks modern medical care and hospitals are fine — for people who can afford them. Approves of social security benefits — so much so that they took them away from almost a million people. Believes in international trade — so much so that they crippled our reciprocal trade program, and killed our international wheat agreement. Favors the admission of displaced persons — but only within shameful racial and religious limitations. Considers electric power a blessing—but only when the private power companies get their rake-off. Says the T.V.A. is wonderful—but we ought never to try it again.

"Condemns 'cruelly high prices'—but fights to death every effort to bring them down. Thinks that the American standard of living is a fine thing—as long as it doesn't spread to all the people. And they admire the Government of the United States so much they would like to buy it. That is the Wall Street Republican Way of life." So says Harry Truman.

Against this type of campaign attack, Governors Dewey and Warren have their own records of progressive, efficient administrations in their home states to offer, as against the inept record of Mr. Truman.

It seems — despite the views of those "little people" we quoted that the Republicans have the edge. But Nov. 2 will tell the story.

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